

I REMEMBER YOU

OR

MEN WE MEET IN QUINCY

J. ST. BERNARD



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St. Francis, Ill.

I REMEMBER .-YOU.-

OR QUINCY MEN WHO ARE
QUINCY DOERS FOR THE
GOOD OF ❁ ❁ ❁

QUINCY AS SEEN BY OTHERS



A book of friendly cartoons and representative drawings of the men of Quincy who are in the professional, industrial and commercial life of the City of Quincy

OR MEN WHO ARE WORTH
SAYING TO—

I REMEMBER YOU



One thousand years from now this book will be in great demand, and when Bartholda's Statue of Liberty is removed from the New York Harbor and placed on the Quincy Water Front, where it rightfully belongs, this book will be worth One Million Dollars.

PUBLISHED BY ONE WHO THINKS HE KNOWS—

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BY J. ST. BERNARD

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WHY?



The following pages depict the faces of men, with whom the public is more than familiar. Accompanying each picture, or caricature is a short sketch, which was written by one who thinks he knows. His task was not an easy one. He was required to write something witty, or whimsical about the enclosed persons and have his colated essays differ from one another, as stars differ from one another in Glory. If this poor hired man has failed to make a point clear, either by good natured satire or gentle bandinage, it must be charged up to his lack of information on the subject or else to his lack of gray matter.

This Book has neither a purpose nor a problem. It is neither a History or Geography. It was prepared in response to a demand for it—a demand that made itself known by personal solicitation. For the sake of accuracy, any and all matters touching their nativity, age or domestic relations of the subject have been excluded; those who desire to know about such things must consult family Bibles, and registers of vitals statistics. The one aim of the artist and the hired man has been to present the subject, fairly in a familiar but unoffensive manner, with a view only to make them realize that it is not all of Life to live, nor all of Death to die.

If no great beauty is depicted in his portrait, let the subject console himself with a reflection that THESE "I REMEMBER YOU" men of Quincy, are not as their wives and sweethearts see them, nor as they see themselves, but as they appear to the cold-blooded, unfriendly eye of the camera, and to the cynical Gods of the ink-pots, many times rightly called "Devils",—The Cartoonist, who sees us as others see us.

No person ever lived, who was thoroughly satisfied, that's what makes life worth living and if you have a kick coming, KICK THE AUTHIOR OF "I REMEMBER YOU."

Yours Very Respectfully,

J. ST. BERNARD.



J. FRANK GARNER

TO HIS constituents and friends he parts his name in the middle, not his hair, because he never parts it, and his name is J. Frank Garner. Officially it is J. F. Garner, Mayor of Quincy, and Knight of the Green Carpet, and Mayor he is. You see those eyes, that bristling mane, and the determination in that mouth, just now he is presiding at a meeting of the City Council, and he is expounding the law, and he is some lawyer. Graduating at Chaddock College in 1898, with the Degree of LL. D., he was admitted to the bar, and in 1910 was appointed County Judge by the Governor of the state was nominated as a candidate to succeed himself in office, but was defeated by a narrow margin. In 1911 was nominated by the Republicans, and overcame a Democratic majority of 940. He was elected by a Republican plurality of 852. Of course a great many Democrats voted for him, and they have never regretted it, and he is Mayor of All the people All the time. Improvement is his Slogan, and he is truly some improver, believe us. The latch-string of his office door is always out, no private secretary or janitor to inquire as to your business, or ask ask you for your card, or stop you. Just walk in and say "Howdy, Mayor." If he is not scrutinizing some new ordinance, you will probably find him pounding the typewriter, and he is not a one finger operator either.

When a convention comes to Quincy, J. Frank is there with keys of the city, bells and the glad hand. When the citizens want a convention they send J. Frank and he brings it back with him. If he can't get it, with his silver tongued oratory, and he is sure some spell-binder, he will sing in that beautiful tenor voice, "Everybody's going to, Going where, Quincy, Quincy you're the town for me," and Quincy gets the convention. In politics he is a Republican and has the honor of being one of the youngest mayors in the state if not the youngest. When he goes on a vacation it is as Lieutenant of the Illinois Naval Reserves. He has not a machine, is not a machine politician, and does not need a steam roller, but he has a host of friends, and boosters that boost with a capital "B." He is a living example that talent and tact will boost a man in this country even if he hasn't a rich dad or mother-in-law. He has tilted himself to the top by virtue of his own inherent strength and integrity. He is a 32d degree Mason, a member of the Grotto, a Moose, also a "Hook 'em Kow."



CAMPBELL S. HEARN

HIS intimate friends, and he has thousands of them, all call him "CAM." If you will look him up in WHOS WHO or a Biographical work, you will see stated, "now living as a retired farmer." Well he may be that, but he is a poor example of a retired farmer because he is the busiest retirer that ever retired. Say when you see the sun peeping over the edge of the eastern horizon, you will see the Senator hot footing it down Hampshire street, and any time there is a Democratic powwow or caucus there you will find him among the faithful thundering in no low tone of voice the Principles of Democracy.

Allow a stranger to inquire of him his politics, and he will reply D. A., which means Democrat Always. Before he had seen five Presidential campaigns, he enlisted at Little Rock, Ark., in the Fifth Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., Cockerell's Brigade, and when the surrender took place he was at Fort Blakely, across the bay from Mobile, Ala. The Yanks grabbed Camp and for two weeks he was their guest on Ship Island in the Gulf of Mexico, where the then embryo senator orated his hosts so fervently and zealously that they were glad to say good bye to him. And that's the only time in his life he really retired. The war closing he returned to Kentucky, his native state, and like Cincinnatus, took to the plow. And hearing tales of the productiveness of Illinois, he treaked to the sucker state, and was known as one of its most progressive and successful husbandmen. Just to keep busy and to prove that he hadn't retired wouldn't retire and that they couldn't make him retire, he jumped into politics. A Democrat always, he has been a very active worker in the party ranks. Twenty-five years a supervisor of Melrose Township, ten years chairman of the board. Elected a member of the State Board of Equalization, resigning after two years to accept the appointment as Commissioner of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary at Chester. Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee for twelve years, and he has been a member of the committee over one-third of a century. In 1904 his constituents presented him with the Senatorial Toga and in his hand you will see his Declaration of Principles. He is a candidate for re-election. Ask him if he will be elected and he will say look at my Donkey and by the expression on its face you will readily know that he can't be beat. Why? Because he is popular. The Senator is a B. P. O. E., Modern Woodman, Hook Em Cow, and a D. A., Democrat Always. Retired? Say he has just got a good start.



CHARLES H. ACHELPOHL

HELLO, Hello, Hello; Yes, this is Charlie, that's what they all call him. Ex-President of the State Pharmaceutical association, also member of the National Legislative association, also member of the National Legislative committee of the Retail Druggists' association of America, and manager of the Home Telephone company, and it isn't half as good looking or half as good natured Charlie is. Because he is good nature personified, also he is the soul of benignity itself, and always ready to bestow a kindness or a favor, in fact he is not happy unless he is making someone else happy. Charlie is manager of the Home Telephone Co., and if it wasn't for him there wouldn't be a Home Telephone Co. He is the father, no, no children, but father of a bill to place all wires in the downtown district underground, and it is unnecessary to state that other corporations using wires in their business (politicians and other wire pullers excepted), who are compelled to place their wires in underground conduits, don't love Charlie any more than the proverbial devil loves holy water. He is manager of the Home Telephone Co., and probably has the more intimate knowledge of the details of the business from the lines to the toll collections, than any other man in the state. He has probably heard more good hard kicks, many of them fully justified, than any referee at a prize fight or umpire at a ball game ever dreamed of. He has engaged in more battles with ivory domed property owners over the right to string wires, than the allied armies of Ireland, Turkey, Japan and Patagonia. Notwithstanding all that, he is care free and full of exuberance. He simply won't let himself be provoked or lose his equipoise in a jawing match with an enraged subscriber, who has been trying to get a number for an hour or two, and is just about ready to jerk the machine to Helena; he maintains complete control of his temper under all circumstances, and never appears with a suggestion of disputation in his appearance or manner. He certainly is good to the telephone company, and will probably remain a fixture so long as he desires. Busy, say busy isn't in it with him; when he has worked about 23 hours, he goes out to his drug store, 12th and State and finishes the day by compounding prescriptions, then counts the postage stamps and washes up all the soda glasses and bottles, just to keep his hand in, then he looks at the clock and says, "GOODNIGHT," nothing to do until tomorrow; then he hesitates and is lost, and says to himself, yes, I guess I will go out to the garage and pour a barrel of coal oil into that d—— carburetor, so it won't keep me back in the morning. By this time it is morning, too late to go to bed, and nothing to do until tomorrow, and tomorrow never comes. Is it any wonder that he is the picture of benignity that he is? He is a Shriner, Medinah Temple, and ask him what his number is in the "Hook em Kows" and he will reply Fifty-one.



ARTHUR HEIDEMANN

ARTHUR is thoroughly American and very patriotic, he decided he would select the anniversary of our Republic as his anniversary day. When he was in his green apple age, and when other Quincy boys were climbing fences into orchards, and firing sticks and stones up into the trees, he didn't do it. Ah, no, not Arthur. He remained outside in the highways and watched that the farmer and his dog did not put in an appearance, and then as a reward, they presented him with a portion of the colic producing fruit. He could propose a game of base ball and make every other boy feel his debtor by claiming the right to bat. He could also take the position of pitcher on the team with the full consent of eight other boys, each of whom would rather pitch, than to earn a ticket to the circus by carrying water to the elephant. When he became old enough to go to school he was sent to the German Parochial schools, then to the public schools, completing his education in the business college.

When he had learned to measure boards and lumber and sell a 2x8 full of knots and get as much or more for it, then for a clear piece, and had really converted the buyer into the belief that it was really better for his purpose, and he was really doing him a favor by showing him the knotty piece, he was inducted into the lumber business, and it came natural to him, because his grandfather for 26 years and his father for 27 years before him were in the lumber business. In 1904 he succeeded his father and he has a friend in every boy in Quincy. Why? Well, as a director in the Quincy Baseball Association, he furnished the lumber for the baseball park fence, and remembering he had been a boy himself he saw to it that there were plenty of knot holes in the boards, and also saw that the holes were on the lower end, so he is the boys' ideal philanthropist, incidentally these same boys will grow up, and when they want to build a home or a barn, or use lumber for any purpose, they will all patronize Arthur. No, he does not charge for knot holes, because they were made for good measure. In business his theme is quality and service and he would just as soon figure on a lumber bill of 5 or 10 million ft. as for one of seventeen feet. It is all the same to him, if a customer desires to buy one bundle of laths or a thousand. He is always courteous to others and that is one reason that he is popular and numbers his friends by the thousands. Arthur is usually very quiet, but in a business deal cross him and he will suddenly have an impediment in his silence and in a few and well chosen, selected remarks, soon convince his auditors that he knows what he is talking about and he usually gets what he starts out for. He is a 32nd degree Mason, a B. P. O. E., a Hoo-Hoo and a H. E. K.



A. R. DICK

JUST because he couldn't help himself and not from choice is how Mr. Dick happened to break into this publication. He protested to the gentle promoter of the enterprise that he was a rank outsider and had no business to figure in "I RE-MEMBER YOU." But when the gentle promoter begged to inform him that he was a native son and a citizen of Quincy with a capital C and was the man who owned and drove the first automobile in Quincy, also as manager of the largest enterprise that manufactured the cooling, cheering beverage that cheers, in the city or in this portion of the state, he capitulated.

Mr. Dick or "Manny," as all his friends call him, is a native son of Quincy and received his education at St. Francis College. He was inducted into the milling business at the old Tellico Mills. After he had learned how to manufacture three barrels of flour out of about a peck of wheat, they sent him out to the brewery, and as manager of Dick & Brothers Quincy Brewery he is today one of Quincy's leading business men. If there is a proposition on for the advancement of Quincy there you will find A. R. up in the front of the procession. Mr. Dick is interested in so many Quincy enterprises that this publication has not sufficient space to enumerate all of them. But any time you desire to see Mr. Dick, all you have to do is to go to the brewery any time during business hours, and you will find him in his office or about the plant. He is always ready to listen to any proposition that will be for the advancement and betterment of Quincy. Infinite is the detail of the modern brewery manager, and one familiar only with the outside aspect of a brewery has no conception of the appalling amount of labor and worry that is involved in the management of a modern up-to-date brewery. To make the best beer and to treat their patrons with courtesy is more than a hobby with Mr. Dick. It is the policy of their concern and that is one reason why Dick & Brothers Pilsener beer is popular and why their plant is increasing in size. Mr. Dick stands for all that makes for the betterment of mankind, and is a liberal contributor to all worthy charities. As a relaxation, he may, when he has time, be seen at a ball game or riding in his automobile, which, by the way, is vastly different from the first one he owned, but at that he doesn't aspire not to be an oracle in base ball or sporting matters, but say, just ask him about Dick & Brothers Pilsener beer and you are in for a treatise on beer, and he will convince you that their beer is the best brewed.



WILLIAM C. FICK

HIS slogan is purity, and purity is his song, and when he says Purity, you may know that he is talking about Purity Coal. The Lily White Brand of Purity, and the coal without a clinker. Will as everyone calls him, was born on a severely cold blustry day in March, in 1866, and remembering in after life how cold it was, that is why he went into the coal business.

He was educated in the public schools, finishing his education at Chaddock College. He was connected with the business office of the Whig for seven or eight years, then into the saw mill business, no, he didn't run a saw or roll logs, he was too strong, but he worked in the office in the Quincy Saw Mill Co. Then he received an appointment in the post office and was made an assistant to superintendent of carriers; then he resigned and, although a Republican in politics, was appointed by a Democratic postmaster, and had charge of the money order department. Mr. Fick is not a politician, and does not like politics, because he cannot disemble. He cannot tell a lie, and if he were in politics and cut down the political cherry tree, he like the immortal George, would fess up to it. After leaving the post office, he became a member of the firm of Risto & Fick, tile an mantle company, and while they were in the tile business, every tile floor in Quincy was laid by his firm.

During the Anthracite coal strike, Mr. Fick organized the Fick Coal Co., and his firm control the output of a number of mines producing the best coal, and that is why he sings Purity, and he will tell you, his coal is as pure as the lily and free from sulphur and clinkers, and as president of the Fick Coal Company his slogan is Purity and a full ton to each and every customer. He is a Mason, a Knight Templar, a charter member of Quincy Lodge B. P. O. E., a member of the North Side Boat Club, and is a member of the Hook-'Em Kows, his number is 100. On his anniversary of his natal day, he celebrates by having a noodle soup and Lemon Pie dinner, but don't forget he is the Purity coal man, and of you should, he will certainly remind you of it the first time he has occasion to do so.

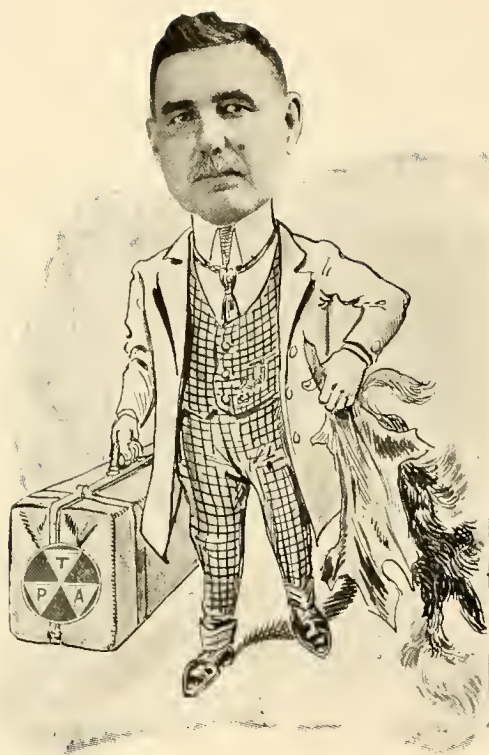


WILLIAM J. RUFF

PARIS had her celebrated savant, Louis Pastur, whom the world over is recognized as a public benefactor. Quincy also has a public benefactor and no less a savant, to whom in years to come, the world at large will recognize as a real public benefactor. If one will delve back into history, he will see that beer covers a period of several thousand years; also see it mentioned in the early Egyptian writings, as early as the fourth Dynasty by Papyrat, of the time of Seti the First, 1300 B. C. In the second book of Heroditus, 450 B. C. we are told that the Egyptians made beer from red barley.

So beer is not a new beverage as many of us oftentimes think, but the Lager Beer (lager meaning aged) that we today relish so much, is a vastly different beverage from that of the time of Herodotus. Pure, better, more invigorating and with real food giving properties. Many people ask why does beer become sour upon its exposure to the air. Because of invisible germs always present in the atmosphere. This is also the reason why milk turns sour, and when the atmospheric germs are excluded, no fermentation or souring takes place. It devolved upon a no less personage than the one whose picture is on the opposite page, to invent and perfect the process of automatically pasteurizing or sterilizing of beer, a process obviating the use of chemicals. This invention and process today is used in the bottleries of the larger brewing plants of America. Mr. Ruff, the inventor, is a native son of Quincy, brought up in the atmosphere of the brewing industry. At the age of 18, he was sent to the Worms' Brewing School on the Rhine, where of a class of 73, at graduation, he had the distinction and honor of being one of nineteen to receive a Master brewer's license. Returning he became Master Brewer of the Ruff Brewing Co. In 1896 he was given the management of the plant. Always of an inquisitive and inventive nature, at the age of 8, he invented a patent dinner pail that kept the food warm. The refrigerating machine in use at the Ruff Brewing Co., is also of his designing, and much of the machinery used in and about the plant are the result of his fertile mind. But don't think for one minute that the brewing business is all he thinks of. He is a conservative business man, genial, companionable, and nothing pleases him so much as to entertain a crowd of his friends by acting as chef at a luncheon, A La Fresco. Their brand Noxall is as true as it is that he is the inventor of the first mechanical cow milker—ask him.

Mr. Ruff is a Mason, K. T., a member of Ghazzeah Grotto, a B. P. O. E. and H. E. K., and one of his greatest pleasures is to entertain at his home a crowd of children, and he is known far and wide as the kiddies' friend.



JOHN JOSEPH MORIARTY

SOME ONE has said, "Show me a successful politician, and I will show you an Irishman," but when you see John, you see both. Did you ever hear John speak Spanish? If you have not, just say, "Benena Notches" to J. J.

John was born in Seneca, Kansas, in 1860, and received his education at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas. John wanted to go into business, so he packed his grip, bought a ticket to Kansas City, Mo., the metropolis, and went into the hide and wool business and the house soon made him a buyer. John bought a Spanish grammar and dictionary and assiduously applied himself to learning the patois of the Spanish and started for New Mexico, where he ran the skin game, I mean the hide and wool business, and was one of the best known hide and wool buyers in the country. They do say that he could strum on a guitar and a mandolin better than a native, and if the prospective owner of a car load of hides and pelts was obstreperous or diffident John would lie himself away and under the Mexican silver moon, would serenade the owner and his family with La Paloma and other Spanish selections, until the owner would, at the instance of the female portion of his household, invite John into the house. Then it was as good as settled, and John named the price after he had rendered one or two more of his Mexican selections. Of course, John didn't pay more than the hides were worth because he didn't desire to encourage extravagance on the part of the rancher.

In 1892, John learning that Quincy was a Democratic city, removed to Quincy and was connected with the Hirsh Hide and Wool company for about two years, and since that time has been with the firm of Boles & Rogers as branch manager. He served eight years in the city council and is known as a fighter, always standing for the people and seeing to it that they get their rights. At present, although not a member of the board of aldermen, John is always there to speak for the interests of the public, and he is known as Citizen Moriarty and his many friends propose him as the Democratic candidate for mayor.

Mr. Moriarty is a member of the Knights of Columbus, a member of the T. P. A., and is serving his second term as a member of the national board of directors, a special honor seldom conferred.



SIDNEY H. LANDCRAFT

SID AS his intimates call him, is certainly the "show me" kid, having been born as he was in Missouri becomes rightly by his patronymic "show me." Sidney was brought up in the stove business and that is also a reason why he is a warm member. He as sales manager for the Sheridan Manufacturing Co. has certainly made good, and if there is any place from Halifax to Hudson Bay or Grays Harbor to the City of Mexico or from Santiago to Key West, that the Sheridan stove is not sold and in use, that is not Sid's fault. Having a corps of live wires as salesmen and being of high voltage himself, he impresses upon each live wire so firmly that they in turn impress on the customer that all of the iron used in the Sheridan range or stove is of the very best. The workmanship is of the best and that the output of the Sheridan Stove Manufacturing Co. can't be beat and proceeds to show them why and proves it. That is why they manufacture more than 1368 different kinds of stoves. They manufacture stoves that are suitable for any climate, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands. Sidney is demonstrating the qualities of the stove, pure, absolutely pure. Each and every pound of iron is analyzed before being made up, even the hole where the lid fits Sid will tell you is better than in other makes of stoves. Why? Because they are smoothly finished and do not catch the dirt. Draw, say, that's the reason they make the bottoms and legs so heavy, they draw so well that they have to keep them from going up the flue, although Sidney comes rightly by it, he did not learn all about it in Quincy, but was in Detroit for years and much to the regret of his friends has again returned to the Strait City. They wanted a sales manager in Detroit who could gather a bunch of live wires around them and sell stoves, so they sent for Sid. Sidney always manages to get some time away from the stove business, and is there a social event on, well, there you will find Sidney in his evening togs leading the German or waltz me around again Sidney. For relaxation on the links at the Country Club you will find him and his friend, Prunes Scudder, engaged in a golf match, or at the ball game rooting, a member of the Commrecial Club boosting, as worthy pasture guard of the Hook-'Em-Cows, Sidney when not engaged in business was usually to be found with the most worthy mother cow, Carl Steinwedell. Let a bunch of Shriners congregate there you will find Sidney. And missed is he, well, ask any of the boys and they will all tell you. Yes, he is very much missed, and there is woe and lamentation in the places that once knew him and now remember him with a fond and loving remembrance.



CARL STEINWEDELL

THE MOST worthy mother cow of the hook-'em cows pasture No. 1. Everybody knows Carl, who was born and raised in Quincy and graduated in 1903 at the University of Illinois, with the degree of B. S. Which means Bachelor of Science. Yes, it does. When he graduated Carl wanted to become a professional ball player, having played third base with the U team and attracted so much attention to his brilliant playing that Comiskey, of the White Sox, offered him a \$10,000 contract after a red hot scramble for his services by the Boston American team and the Athletics of Philadelphia, but not for Carl. The Pater wouldn't stand for it, Nix. And so Carl went up to St. Paul with the Swedes and went into the gas business. After Carl had shown the Swedes of the Twin City how to extract more gas from a pound of coal than they ever thought was in it, he took Horace Greeley's advice and went West to Butte, Montana. Tiring of the barren hills, he removed to Cleveland because of its famous Euclid Ave., which was so much like his native Quincy. Then the capital city of the state, Columbus wanted to know something first hand about Carl's theories of gas making. Then Quebec, Canada, wanting purer, cheaper and better gas sent for Carl and he learned them how to make gas. Yes, he is some expert, Carl is, ask him how much gas he can extract from a ton of coal and he doesn't need a pencil and paper to tell you. Returning home on a visit Carl organized the Hook-'Em-Cows. Carl can never be accused of being near with his ducats for it is one of his pleasures to get a bunch of his friends together and then as host there is nothing too good for them. Golden pheasants by the crate, Mumm's extra dry and a couple of bales of cigars is only a starter. In addition to Carl's talents as a gas expert and a star third baseman, ask any of Carl's friends about his vocal abilities and they will unanimously tell you that Carl's solo Christopher Columbus is one of the classics and it certainly is, having been adopted by the Hook-'Em-Cows as its official Ode. Carl is a Shriner, being a member of Aladdin Temple of Columbus, Ohio, also a member of Ghazzeh Grotto Mystic Order of Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realms at Quincy, Illinois.



EDWIN C. BUERKIN

N OBODY ever thinks to call him Edwin—it is always Ed. And by that patronomic he is known from where the muddy waters of the Mississippi lave the docks at Quincy, to where the sun kisses the hills of the land of the Aurora Borealis, and had he lived when rapid transit was known by the speed of river packets, and when word from New York by mail in four weeks was fast time, he would have been hailed in the terminology of those days, as a "Wood Butcher" or Carpenter. He didn't live then, however, but now when rapid transit is reality and the Cadillac and aeroplanes are wonders to behold, and in the colloquial English of the period, he is known as "The gentlemanly Contractor," who handles estimates for sky scrapers and large public buildings, as if they were estimates for chicken coops. He is not so consecrated to business, however, that he can have no eye for the passing beauties of the hour. Ed Buerkin has an eye for the pretty things of life and being. Whether in the shape of automobiles, motor boats, or sisters of mankind. He loves the horse, notwithstanding the automobile can go faster. He loves the yacht, notwithstanding the steam launch or power boats are speedier. He loves womankind, "the younger", notwithstanding he was taught in youth to be careful of Geo-Goo eyes, and to give to the velvety touch as little heed as he would to the bruised head of the original serpent. Ed Buerkin likes the girls and the girls like him, and the great problem of his existence is to convert the mutual fondness into something more tangible than polite conversation on the weather and the latest thing in lorgnettes. But the girls have no corner on Ed.; he is liked by everybody, just because he is first on every proposition. A good fellow whose goodness is not hypomoeated by or for consideration of policy.



EDWIN PARKER ALLEN

AS a campaigner who campaigns all the time and for a young man, Mr. Allen deserves more than passing mention, because when only twenty-six years old he was elected city attorney by a democratic plurality of 2151, and that is going some for a young attorney only admitted to the bar two years.

Mr. Allen was born in Quincy and raised on a farm. He was educated by a private tutor, attended and graduated at the Union Business College, read law with W. L. Vandeventer and Homer Swope, until he knew Blackstone and Torts forward, backward, sideways and through the middle. He attended night law school at the Gem City Business College and was admitted to the bar in 1907, elected city attorney in 1909 and in 1911 was nominated by acclamation and unanimously re-elected. In the recent democratic primary, he was a candidate for state's attorney and carried the City of Quincy by 563, the country vote going against him. That is one reason why Mr. Allen is a good roads booster. Had the roads been in a condition to make a campaign in the country possible, he would have won in the primary, and as it was, his popularity was demonstrated by the vote he received. He is a man of firm convictions and believes in enforcing the law without fear or favor and brooks no dictation from political bosses.

He is the owner of the Allendale Poultry Farms, two miles from town, where he devotes his spare time to poultry. Allendale Farms are known far and wide and is one of the progressive poultry farms. The White, Buff and Black Orpingtons, Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds and Single Comb Rhode Island Reds raised on the Allendale Poultry Farms are always the envy of the other poultry raisers and prize winners at the poultry shows. Talk to Mr. Allen about poultry and he will tell you that the cackle of the American hens are swelling into a mighty chorus. Sixteen billions of these small citizens announce the arrival of a "fresh laid" and the sound of their bragging is waxing loud in the land.

Mr. Allen is secretary of the Democratic County Central Committee, secretary of the State White Orpington Club, is a Mason, a member of the Elks, the Quincy Turn Verein and a Hook-'Em-Cow.

Mr. Allen is married and if you want to hear a really clever story, ask him to tell you about his little daughter finding her first dimple.



HARRY F. HOFER

TO HARRY, everybody in Quincy and hundreds of places can say, "I REMEMBER YOU." Why—well if there is anything in the amusement line in Quincy that Harry is not "IT" or the director of—show me. For years he was in the insurance business, but it was not exciting enough. Mr. Hofer wanted the elixir of chance; he wanted to experience the sensation that comes to him who is all in on the selling plater that goes to the post with 100 to 1 posted against him for a place. He has had plenty of that sort of experience—when he went up against the chance to buy a base ball franchise and become the magnet that he is, because the venture was a risky one for the beginner. Harry is fonder of taking chances than a Senegambian is of taking chickens; it is pie for him to pay big prices for untired players. It was a disappointment when he bought a player whose record was above the average.

For nineteen years he has acted as treasurer of the Empire Theatre, and has handled by the dollar more than a million simoleans, and never lost or shorted a nickel. To fill the position it was necessary for him to cultivate a brand new style of smile and to assume a soft ingenuousness that knew no guile. He must adapt himself to the whims of female patrons, who demand a front row seat in the parquet, notwithstanding every seat is sold, or else who demand a rail roost in the balcony, when the S. R. O. sign is displayed. He must be able to exude salve talk to importune leaders for complimentaries, who base their claims on the profession, or the fact that they may be chore boys in newspaper offices. He must have all his qualities fully developed, else he is likely to depopularize his theatre and himself, and go about the town an object of scorn and derision. Now, Harry has served a long apprenticeship in the theatrical business, and has acquired a Sang Froid, of a well balanced business man of the world, and a vocabulary that qualified him to discuss the Panama canal treaty with the members of Creator's band. He is manager of Quincy's popular amusement place, Highland Park, and nothing is too big for Harry to pull off in the way of amusement. In the winter time, he is either giving an automobile show, and it is some show believe me, or giving a demonstration of physical culture to a hoard of enthusiastic business and professional men; no, the insurance business was not for Harry.



F. A. JENKINS

FRANK is a native of Green Lake, Wis. Arriving there in 1862. Learning the photographic business, and hearing of Bill Nye, Buffalo Bill and other western celebrities, he thought he would go out west and make some really good photographs, and he certainly did, and the people of Cheyenne, Wyo., made it so pleasant for him, that he as one of the members of the firm of Jenkins Bros., remained in Cheyenne for eleven years. While in the photograph business he was sent to make a photograph of the noted criminal, Alfred Packer, the Cannibal, who confessed to cannibalism while incarcerated. Packer, while lost in the mountains on a prospective tour with other companions and unable to procure food, murdered his companions and ate of their flesh to prolong his own life. While the picture was being made Packer endeavored to resist and made horrible grimaces in an effort to spoil the picture, but Frank was an adept at making faces himself, and got next to his likeness. About this time tiring of photography and having photographed all of the western celebrities, Frank joined the Beach & Powers Minstrels and was the well known sensational tenor soloist, remaining with them for two years, drawing a larger salary than any soloist at that time engaged in the business. In 1900 Frank came to Quincy and liked it so well and is so well liked and popular that he is still here, and as the popular manager of the Newcomb Hotel, he has more than made good. He has peculiar qualities that a successful hotel man must have. He must at all times have the choice and unusual gift of making a complaining guest who yells because the water is too hot or too cold believe he is doing the house a favor by kicking. Some guests expect to be welcomed as Princes and entertained as Senators. Well, Frank is on the job at all times, and takes everything that comes his way with a cheerful resignation. Does a guest register a kick. Well, Frank is an adept at curbing the guests impatience, and restoring him to his usual good temper. As house manager of the Newcomb, he is compelled to listen to all the hoary old chestnuts told as new ones and smile as if he had never heard them. Frank as manager, is in short, to the Newcomb Hotel, what the steering gear is to an automobile.



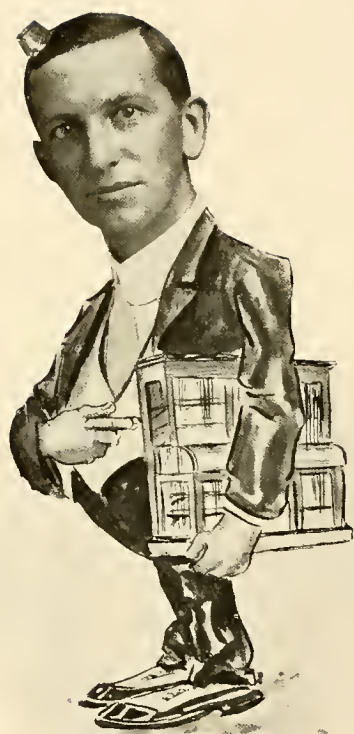
GEO. P. BEHRENSMEYER

SOME one tells the story of the architect, who drew the plans for a house and forgot to put in the stairway; not so with George, because as you can see he is showing just where the stairs go. He is thorough if nothing else. He was educated in the Quincy Public Schools, a graduate of the Gem City Business College, then served his apprenticeship at the carpenter trade, entered the Illinois State University and graduated in Architecture with the Degree B. S. In 1893 he bought a couple of tressels and a drawing board and began business as an Architect and is recognized as the leading Architect in this section.

Among the prominent buildings erected by him in the City of Quincy, for which he was Architect, may be mentioned the Masonic Temple, Church of St. Rose of Lima, Hotel Quincy, Sinnock building, Franklin and Lincoln Schools, Blessing Hospital addition, Nurses' Home and Emergency Ward, Foundry and Pattern Shop of the Gardner Governor Company, the Excelsior Stove Works, Koenig & Luhr's Wagon Works, Ice Machine Boiler House, Bottling House and Stack for the Dick Bros., Brewing Company, Quincy Foundry, Michaelman Boiler Works, the Van Doorn Company's building, Brenner and Williams Flats; among the residences those of W. T. Duker, Frank Dick, Frank Miller, A. Urban, Will Jansen and R. Boeckenhoff, residence and store building. The Villa Kathrine, (a Moorish castle) First German M. E. Church, Bethel M. E. Church, the Congregational Church at Mendon, Ill., Adams county.

Mr. Behrensmeyer was the first architect in Quincy who prepared plans and directed the construction of absolute fire-proof buildings, among which may be mentioned Hotel Quincy, The Home Telephone Co.'s building, and the six story addition to the Excelsior Stove Works. He was also architect for the handsome residence of H. M. Green, situated on the bluff overlooking the Power Plant at Keokuk, Iowa; also the A. S. O. at Kirksville, Mo., and Warren Hamilton's residence. He has just completed the M. M. Monks' residence at Plymouth, Ill. Was the architect for the recently completed Princess Theater, which is the finest Nickelodeon in the State of Illinois.

Mr. Behrensmeyer is a member of the Sigma Xi Kappa Chai Delphi Literary Society, K. T., Past Chancellor of K. P.'s, Past Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. E., and is also a member of the F. O. E.'s and H. E. K. Mr. Behrensmeyer's well known ability as an architect has made him one of the best known architects in the State of Illinois.



WM. PFEIFFER

HE is the Vice President and Treasurer of the Quincy Show Case Works, and he is calling your attention to one of the many cases they manufacture. This one is known as the "Quincy Special." Wherever you go you will find their cases. Mr. Pfeiffer is a native of Quincy, and is more than conversant with his business, having been brought up in it, and his slogan is "What would the world do without a Quincy Show Case? How would they display their goods, not that other manufacturers do not manufacture show cases, but he can and will demonstrate to you that the "Quincy Special" Show Case can give them all cards and spades and beat them to it when it comes to making show cases.

In a spirited contest he was chosen to be the first Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce, having received the largest number of votes in the campaign. He is a typical Quincyan and is not satisfied to to praise his own town to strangers within the gates.

To emphasize its manifold attractions and dote on its superiority as a place of residence, but Will won't be content with that. The major key isn't forte enough for him to satiate his desire to publish the merits of Quincy, he goes to different places where he can make comparisons, and reduce conclusions to intensify the glory of his home; other places have water fronts, rivers, lagoons, parkways, parks, boulevards, esplanades, quays and plazas, and they are all very fine. Mr. Pfeiffer will tell the prideful inhabitants of such places that they ought to be as they are very proud of their natural beauties and artificial improvements, and he will capture a column or two in the local papers to praise as superb the facilities for pleasure and recreation, but he never fails to interlard or interpolate a sufficient quantity of praise for Quincy to make the reader understand that after all his comparison with Quincy, and other city is only a way-station on the map. His admiration of Quincy is not at all simulated, beauty of landscape and neatness of surroundings are demanded to meet his standing of the tolerable. He is a typical Quincyite and none is so mean as to question his sincerity or doubt his loyalty to the town. He is a member of the Country Club, a Shriner, and Elk and a H. E. K.



L. H. BERGER

BORN in Boston, raised and receiving his education in Quincy from private tutors and in prep schools, he read law under the guidance of Col. Jackson Grimshaw, and the Hon. O. H. Browning, who was Secretary of War under President Johnson. The year after the Centennial Mr. Berger was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law; was Corporation and City Attorney 1886-7 and while in office drafted the celebrated Cow Law, an ordinance compelling all the cows to be kept in an enclosed lot or pasture, which was passed by the City Council. No ordinance ever created as great a furor as did the celebrated cow law, and Mr. Berger was called the Cow Lawyer. As City Attorney, he was compelled to defend the interests of the city and of the fifty-five attorneys practicing at the time, in Quincy, he was the only one that believed in its constitutionality. During his term he was compelled to prosecute over 800 cases, only to be defeated in Justice and County Courts. Did they beat him? Not Louis H. Berger. One glance at those sharply cut features, and you are convinced that you are looking at a fighter, and you are. What a thoroughbred bull-dog is in a leghold scrap with a terrier, Mr. Berger is in any kind of a tussle in court. When he lands on a point he stays there until the judge pours water and uses a hot poker to pry him off. He doesn't know when he's licked. His tenacity is comparable only to his own enthusiasm and that client who doesn't get his money's worth, whether he wins or loses, would probably consider the late appropriation for the Panama Canal a wholly inadequate measure, but Mr. Berger is not a bold and forward man; on the contrary, he is naturally hashful and timid. This phase of his character was illustrated on his first appearance in the Appellate Court. He had a strong belief and a powerful argument prepared. When he came to speak, he experienced that feeling of terpredation and stage fright that makes the tongue stick to the back teeth. Your Honor, he said diffidently, "this is a case of importance; this is a case of importance, Your Honor; this case is—important. I am here Your Honor, to argue this important case on its merits," at which point the presiding judge broke in, and in a candid voice, encouraged Mr. Berger, "proceed," said he, "so far the Court is with you, Mr. Berger." It is related that Mr. Berger gathered in confidence from this helpful remark, rallied and for the edification of the court, discharged the most brilliant essay of verbal pyrotechnics ever shot off in Springfield. Mr. Berger is not only a pugnacious and successful lawyer, but knows a thing or two about politics, and in any campaign you may hear him extolling the virtues of Democracy, and he is some orator, believe me.



CAPTAIN W. A. LONG

NO, this is not Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, but a "reglar" Captain in a "reglar" army. In 1899 tiring of the duties of the pedagogue and his heart thrilling with patriotism and harking to his country call, he enlisted as a private in the ranks of A Company, 28th Infantry, U. S. A., and was sent to the Philippines when at the expiration of three years, he was honorably discharged as sergeant of his company. He passed his examination and was appointed second lieutenant of the Philippine Constabulary.

President Taft, then governor general of the Islands signing and presenting him with his commission as second lieutenant. The Captain was sent to the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1903, as commander of 11th Company, Philippine Constabulary. At the expiration of the Fair, he tendered his resignation, which was tearfully and regretfully accepted by a grateful nation. Having satiated his thirst for gore, his heart again longed for civil pursuits and returning to Chicago, was elected a member of the Chicago Board of Trade. Coming to Quincy, where he opened the well known brokerage house, of which he is the head, that of W. A. Long & Co. His business is to sell Grain, Provisions and Stocks; that is his business, but that is not what he does—what he does is to agree to sell those staples of the speculative market for a slight consideration in the way of a commission. His business designation is broker, by which those on the inside know, but no matter how fortune treats the customer, the commission man breaks even, he just can't lose. Whether the market goes up or down, the broker smiles, commiserates and pockets his fee. That is a secret of his business that no broker would care to have revealed, and we refer to it darkly just to enable the reader hereof to make a guess, if he guesses wrong, he would have other guesses coming, and Captain Long would be delighted to have him give a matinee performance of guessing through his business house at so much a guess. Away from his business, the Captain is one of Quincy's most popular young business men, and as a relaxation, almost any afternoon and evening, he may be seen in his gasoline wagon, seeing just how far he can keep from running over dogs, chickens, pigs, and sometimes men and women; as a side issue and just to show that he is still patriotic, and desirous of keeping his hand in, he accepted the appointment as Captain of F. Company, Fifth Ill. Infantry. "Once a Soldier, always a Soldier." He is a living example of a native Iowaian, transplanted at an early age to the glorious climate of California. He wanted to teach school in Oregon with a shot-gun, but the "destrict" supervisors wouldn't stand for it, so he enlisted in "Reglar" U. S. A. Pedagoging, soldiering and brokering is going some; well, that's the Captain's gait—Go—Go—and Keep Going.



GUSTAV ADOLPH URBAN

OTT, as every one calls him, was named after the King of Sweden, and like his friend, Will Fick, was born in the month of March. He was raised in Nauvoo, it being his birthplace, and in 1881, came to Quincy. When he was 18 years old, he started out on the road as a salesman. In 1898 he succeeded his brother, Wm. A., in the wholesale liquor business, and in 1909 incorporated as A. Urban & Son, and is President and General Manager. Just how facile a man may be in accumulating a fortune in this country is exemplified by the successful business career of Mr. Urban. Mr. Urban is essentially a home man, finding his greatest contentment with his wife and children. His acquaintance with men of affairs is large and his experience is full. He places a very high value on his word which passes current anywhere and everywhere he may use it to promote his interests. He has the distinction of being the promoter of the Hotel Quincy, is a director of Gem City Hotel Co., owners of Hotel Quincy and director in the Illinois State Bank. He is a member of the B. P. O. E., T. P. A. Post A., Quincy, Owls, Moose, H. E. K., South Side Boat Club and Power Boat Club. He is an example of what push and progress will do, believes in public improvements. He has been satisfied to pay his taxes and let others scramble for office. Could he be prevailed upon to take a place on any of the city's commissions, he would contribute to the transactions of business, excellent judgment, trained experience and unselfish devotion to the interests of its business.



JOHN FICK

SEE me get him, John says. Does he get him, well, I guess not. "Nit." Why? Well because if you will notice it takes more than feathers to kill a rabbit, and that's what John's gun is loaded with. It took John a whole day to find out that he couldn't kill anything with feathers. John went duck shooting and some of the members of the Rambling club extracted the shot from the shells and substituted the feathers and John shot and shot all morning, and would explain—I got him, see the feathers, and that was all he got, merely feathers. Crossing a field, John ran up against Mr. Bunny, and taking careful aim, and fired again, and finally wise to the fact that some one had put up a job on him, and opening the shells, found that they were all loaded with feathers. Finally in disgust he started back to town, and being somewhat hungry he stopped at the first market and purchased some hamburger, and stopped at Ruff's Brewery and suggested to Edgar Ruff that if he would furnish the bread and onions and the celebrated Noxall and cook it, he would furnish the hamburger. So Edgar acted as chef and host; after the hamburger was served, he proceeded to dine and at the first mouthful Edgar spit it out, and John asking him what was the matter, said it didn't smell good. John said, the onions you used are not good. Edgar replied, the onions were all right but the hamburger was punk. Each was accusing the other, and just then Mr. Will Ruff appeared on the scene, and inquired who was cutting up his hyacinth bulbs, when he learned that they had used his hyacinth bulbs he had imported, thinking they were onions. So John said, "No luck today, Goodbye," and jumped into his White Steamer and started to look for customers. And John is some coal salesman, believe us. He is city salesman for the Fick Coal Co., and like his brother Will, sings the song of Purity Coal. When he hears of a prospective customer, does he 'phone to him, not John—he hits his White Steamer on the back and personally interviews the prospective customer and sticks until he lands it. He is some salesman, John is. John says that if were not for Purity Coal, there would not be any river excursions, because they use it on all the boats, and any other coal but Purity would make so much smoke and soot that the ladies could not wear white gowns, and consequently wouldn't go. For if the ladies didn't go, there wouldn't be any excursion.



R. E. HACKMAN

IT is not every man that can become a successful Directory publisher. A man must be particularly adapted to the business. Dick started out in life on the road in the soap business, and spent years at it. Among other firms he travelled for was the N. K. Fairbanks Company. Then he thought if he was smooth enough to sell soap, why not go into the Directory business. So sixteen years ago he broke into the Directory business and by looking at his picture you can see by the contented expression he wears that he is more than doing well. Many Directory publishers publish a Directory once in a town, and with some of them once is once too often, that is—for the good of the town. But not so with Dick; he never gets a person's name wrong; never gets him mixed up with some other business, but always right. Doesn't promise, like some, a lot of impossible things that he never intends to do, but does everything he promises, and his word is as good as his bond; that's why he can go back year after year, as he does, to cities like Jacksonville, Marion, Quincy, Illinois; Brookfield, Moberly, St. Charles, Jefferson City, Columbia and Kirksville, Mo.; Ft. Madison, Ia.; Washington, Ind., and other towns. You never find in any of the Directories published by R. E. Hackman & Co., "Rev. John Miller, Pastor—M. E. Church Study—the Star Saloon, open from 6 a. m. until 12 p. m." as you do in some directories; that would cause dissatisfaction and be wrong, and Dick is always right, and if you see it in any of his directories, like the New York Sun, it is so, and may be depended upon. It isn't every man that can approach a residence on wash day and say to the hurrying, busy housewife, "Good morning, Mrs. Bowers, what is your husband's full name and occupation?" and receive a polite reply. He must have sufficient foresight to inquire of the person previously called upon, the name of the next door neighbor; that is only one of the many secrets in the Directory business. He must also know how to approach a hungry, ferocious dog. Well, he has it down so pat that even the dogs are glad to see him. He has been in the business so long that the people as soon as they learn he is in the city, have all the data ready for him. Richard is a T. P. A., and one that is heart and soul in the work, and no gathering of the T. P. A.'s would be complete without him. He is also a Hook 'Em Kow.



ALOIS J. BLICKHAN, M. D.

IT IS somewhere written that the noblest work of the Creator, is a physician. There are pessimists who adhere to the belief that there are no noble works in existence, today. They are little enough to say, they are all quacks. The deduction is arrivable from the logic of reasoning, the well known postulate backward pessimism has not, proclivity, but misanthropy, and in spite of the lugubrious statement of the Apostle of the decadant cult, we must insist that the Creator has many pieces of bric-a-brac, and articles of virtue, adorning life today, and one of them is Dr. Blickhan, who is a native of Quincy, and was a student of the public schools, and completed a course at the Gem City Business College. He, like his brother in the profession, Dr. Knox, learned the printer's trade, and while so employed became interested in some medical works, and made up his mind he would become a physician. He took a preparatory course and matriculated at Rush Medical College Chicago, and then entered the Keokuk Medical College at Keokuk, Iowa, graduating in the spring of 1901. Returning to Quincy, he opened an office and has since been engaged in general practice. He manifests in the discharge of his duties a conscientious purpose and a devotion to his work, and has won for himself a place among the leading members of the medical fraternity of this city.

Dr. Blickhan is independent in his political views, although he favors the democratic party. He is interested in various enterprises of the city, particularly those which have for their office, the general good and betterment of Quincy. The doctor is a member of various fraternal organizations.



JOHN T. INGRAM

THREE times in his life he admits being really scared. When he graduated from High school, when he passed his examination admitting him to the Bar, and one evening in 1898 when he was married. In 1906, the county supervisors appointed him County Attorney.

Counsessor Ingram has two axioms. The hand is quicker than the eye, and things are not what they seem. These two axioms are explained by Mr. Ingram—he is the attorney of the county of Adams. If the eye were quicker than the hand, and things are what they seem, the board of supervisors would need no attorney; every account would be right on sight. Nobody could be astute enough to put up a job on the county and the county work would be done in the good old-fashioned way. But the board of supervisors must have somebody shrewd enough to detect slight-of-hand work of any kind, in dealing with the county, and who can see through an illusion quicker than a road builder can swear to services never performed. Mr. Ingram is that kind of a man. In the matter of prestidigitating padded accounts, palming decoy expense bills and uncovering blow holes in work done for the county, he is more than a Bosco, and the pier of Mr. Ledger Demaine himself. The requirements of the important office are all the more satisfactorily met by Mr. Ingram because he is a chieftain of the black art, and gives most of the mysteries both cards and spades in the science of anticipating the future and telling what is in the heads of other persons. By a simple word he has been known to save the county thousands of dollars, and he can and does expose the short measure policy of hitherto unsuspected would-be county benefactors. The board of supervisors swear by him and say that if it were not for Mr. Ingram they would not supervise. He can examine a law and tell what it means without a chemical analysis, so when he is not supervising the supervisors, he is either looking up some intricate law point, or else advising or giving some advice to one of his brother Masons, Elks, Moose, or telling the Hook 'Em Kows how they can gain new members, or giving some young voters advice and to vote the Democratic ticket, because being a Regular Joiner, is his relaxation and one of his pleasures.



JOEL BENTON

THIS is the President of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Shirt Tearers of the World. Mr. Joel Benton, President of the Quincy Laundry Co., and if you think Joe is not in the laundry business, you have another think coming. He was named after his grandfather, one of the pioneers of Adams County, who left North Guilford, Conn. and traveled over land to Quincy in 1833. Joel's grandfather was chairman of the building and grounds committee of the board of supervisors that erected the Adams County Court House. Joel was born in Mendon and raised on the farm, coming to Quincy in 1889, his first employment was with the Quincy National Bank; then tiring of counting other people's money, he thought he would go into some other business, where he would get some of it himself, so he became manager of the W. L. Distin Ice Co., and selling conjealed aqua pura, made so much money that he embarked in the implement business, and having sold sufficient implements to last for a generation, he accepted the position as secretary and superintendent of the shipping department of the Stationers' Manufacturing Co. In 1907 he organized the Quincy Laundry Co., which is a most complete plant; having been erected especially for him. His friends all call him the shirt tearer, not because he tears them, but because he don't. Joel is certainly a benefactor of mankind and of womankind in particular. There was a time when washing was done all in the home; blue Monday, everybody ate a cold lunch, walked softly and never turned back. Washing by hand on the wash board, wringing and hanging out clothes, carrying them in, starching and ironing, wasn't conducive to good nature on the part of the housewife. Nowadays all the housewife has to do, is to bundle up the laundry and the laundry does the rest. Very few people know, that the citizens of the United States pay an average of \$1.25 per capita for laundries and the laundrys of today employ above five times as many people as the Standard Oil Co., and twice as many as the United States Steel Corporation—some business, aye? Mr. Benton was one if not the first laundryman to be admitted as a member to the National Cleaners' and Dyers' Association. Mr. Benton is a 32nd Degree Mason, a member of Medinah Temple Shrine, Most Worthy Dictator of Gem City Lodge, No. 986, L. O. O. M. President of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Old Hats and a H. E. K.



A. S. SWIMMER

WHEN Noah and his family landed from the Ark on a beautiful spring day, Mrs. Noah and the girls looked around for a millinery store. During the recent high water, all having been wasted away, Noah delegated one of Mr. Swimmer's fore-bearers to act as milliner and clothing man. The first clothing establishment was opened by one of Mr. Swimmer's fore-bears, and today, Abe is in the same business, in place of using the wool and weaving cloth out of it they use the hides, that is why the Swimmer family has continued in the hide, fur and feather business. All the ladies should bless Mr. Swimmer and the men should all thank him. Why? Well, if it were not for A. S., the ladies would not have so many beautiful hats and would be compelled to go without hats, and the men bless him for the feather pillows which they now sleep on would be straw or husks. Mr. Swimmer can tell at a glance the difference between the live feathers and the dead ones, he being a live one himself, uses only live feathers. He is not a light weight in a business way, although being in a light business; being one of the largest producers of feathers in this section of the country. He plays both ends of the string, feathers in summer and hides and furs in the winter time, being a practical furrier, having completed his apprenticeship in the furrier trade in New York City. Returning to Quincy, entering into business, he has more than made a success. He is a 32d degree Mason, and a member of the T. P. A. Post A. He says he would rather be in the fur business than any other, because it is better to have furs filled with skin, than the skin filled with furs.



T. B. KNOX, M. D.

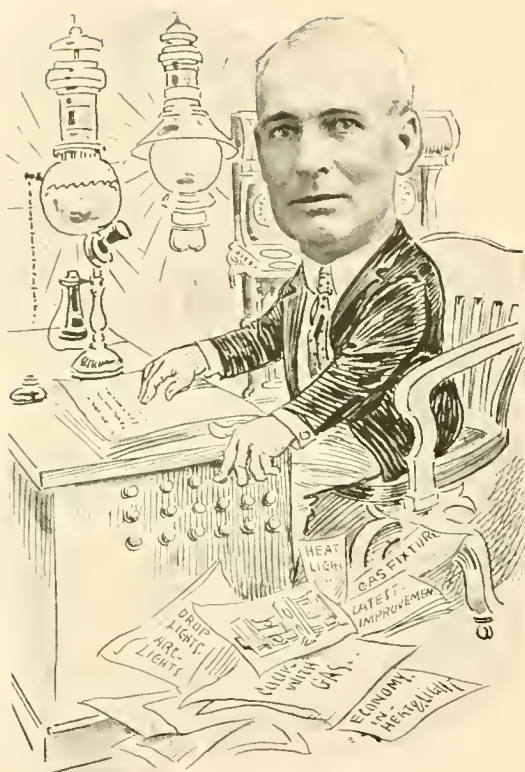
IN LIMERICK, Ireland, 1872, Thomas Blackburn Knox, first informed the world he was "it," and in 1887, hearing of Wisconsin and its lakes and delis, removed to Madison, the state capital, whereby emulating Bej. Franklin, he managed to acquire sufficient coin of the realm to pay his way through the college of Physicians and Surgeons, marticulating in 1898. He celebrated the Fourth of July in 1902 by swinging his shingle to the breeze of Quincy. He was appointed one of the physicians at the Soldiers' Home and it is no state secret that the doctor disliked the office, it didn't fit him. He was either too big for the place, or else the place was too small for him. There is said to be a good many Simoleans a year in the office, but even that much consideration had no attraction for him. As a matter of fact, it was reported on excellent authority that he really ran into debt, while being house physician. That seemed incredible at first blush, but when one knows the man, the incredulity appears to be less. It is doubtful whether the doctor would weave any velvet from a position that even paid twice the salary. He cannot turn an icy greeting to an applicant for a favor, the touch moves him every time. The hungry man, the impoverished woman, or the blue nosed child might appeal in vain to a millionaire for a nickel, but not to T. B. Had he only three cents by him to relieve the case of necessity, he would accompany the unfortunate to the friend nearest by in order to borrow a dollar to give him or her. When he accepted the position at the Home, he was obliged to and neglected part of his practice as a physician, but he couldn't neglect all of it. He had regular patients for whom he had prescribed, gratis for years, and couldn't think of turning them over to a physician, who would expect to be paid for answering his night calls, and furnishing medicines several times a week. So while he was house physician, he continued to act as an eleemosynary institution for the indigent and invalid, so he tendered his resignation, which was regretfully accepted by the board. The doctor's specialty is children; his intimates call him the "Kiddy's Doctor," but his many patients all agree to his fearlessness, when it becomes necessary to use a knife or a saw. To his chums and intimate friends he is familiarly known as "Old Doc." a term of endearment because he never turns away the needy.

In 1902 he married an estimable Quincy woman to cheer his home and help the distressed.



CHAS. H. WILLIAMSON

W E ARE told that Eve tempted Adam with an apple, and ever since debating schools have been in vogue, the question has been, "Did Eve use an apple, a peach, a plum or an orange," some anti-suffragists are small enough to suggest that she handed Adam a lemon; whatever it was, Mr. Williamson is going to be on the safe side and if you will ask him his opinion, he will reply—whatever it was, I can supply you with it, and the best at rock bottom price, because Mr. Williamson is in the wholesale produce business and there has been more activity compressed into his life than customarily falls to any one man. He has been on the move ever since he began to do things. Mr. Williamson began his education at Dr. Corbyn's private school, graduating at the Quincy High school, and after four years at Racine College he was valedictorian of the class of 1882. Then after a post graduate course at Columbia University he returned to his native city—Quincy, and for the past 27 years has been in the wholesale produce business. He is also president of the Malley Orchard Company, was an alderman for four years, representing the seventh ward in 1896, a member of the Board of Education, and is a member of the Republican state central committee, he was chairman of the State Central Committee of the Gold Democratic party, although he is now a Republican. He was President of the Chamber of Commerce for three years, and is now chairman of the State Relations' Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. He organized and was first president of the Quincy Freight Bureau; President of the International Shippers' Association, and was Vice President of the Apple Growers' convention. He was State District Deputy of the Elks, Past Exalted Ruler, and is now State President of the same organization. He is a man of many resources and carries forth to a successful completion anything he undertakes. Mr. Williamson has been also President of the Quincy Country Club, and is a member of El Aksa Commandery, Knights Templars. His oratorical abilities are too well known to need comment, and as toastmaster and after-dinner speaker is always in demand.



H. O. CHANNON

MR. CHANNON was educated for a gas man and that is the business to which he was indentured, and because naturally being adapted to it, is why he is successful. He is a practical expert in both gas and electricity. He was born and raised in Quincy, and it is only natural that he has the interest of Quincy at heart. In 1895 he was manager of the Empire Light & Power Company; in 1897 he accepted the management of the Quincy Gas, Electric & Heating Company, which was organized as a gas company in 1853, incorporated in 1901 as the Quincy Gas, Electric & Steam Heating Company.

The Quincy Gas, Electric & Heating Company was the result of bringing together the Quincy Gas Light & Coke Company, the Thompson & Houston Electric Power Company and the Quincy Steam Heat & Light Company. They have 62 miles of gas mains, and the entire city is well covered with electric light and power. Wires available in all parts of the city. Since the acquisition of the various properties by the present concern, all have been rebuilt and remodeled, and are thoroughly modern in every way. Thus guaranteeing to the people of Quincy a first-class service, and in every way fully up to any service offered by any gas and electric company in the state, at prices that are lower than those enjoyed by patrons in other cities of the relative size of Quincy. They carry a complete line of gas ranges, thereby enabling their customers to secure stoves at the lowest prices, as well as a complete line of electric and gas appliances. This company's splendid power business has been brought up to exceedingly low prevailing rates. The Quincy Gas, Electric and Heating Co., has just completed a large addition to its gas plant which has more than doubled its present capacity, thus assuring patrons that it is both mechanically and financially able to take care of any business that may be offered in the future.

Mr. Channon is not a club or society man, but is essentially a family man, and finds his greatest pleasure and enjoyment in spending his spare time with what he terms his secret societies—his interesting family.



E. M. PENNELL

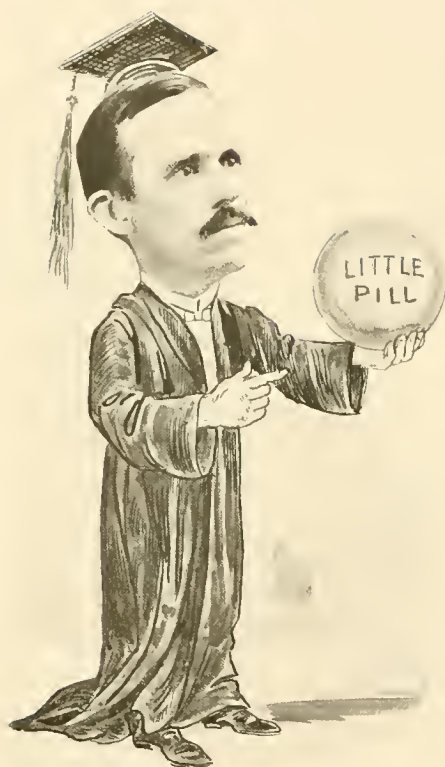
A SUCCESSFUL hotel man is born and not made. To be successful he must not only have an intimate knowledge of the business from the back door to the front, and from the basement to the roof, but must have the quality of magnetism that not only makes friends, but retains them. Mr. Pennell has that magnetism. It has been said of him that he projects a hypnotic suggestion or spell that none are able to resist. The charm of his manner is in his breeziness and confirmed optimism. He can look on no side other than the bright one. He will not be gloomy, he will not submit to misanthropy. He thinks the world was made to enjoy and not to put up with as a grievance or as a burden, so he smiles and looks cheerful and talks hopeful. Other men might be phased, if not appalled, by oncoming trouble, but he simply takes it for granted that the trouble will appear on schedule time anyway, and that it will dissipate of its own tendency to scatter. If you know him at all, you know him to have a religious reverence for his spoken word of agreement; if he promises to do anything he will do it whether it be for your peace of mind or otherwise. He may talk indifferently and in a good natured way, trade badinage for your seriousness, but when you come to business you will find him as strict as a Puritan and as trustworthy as a Quaker. He is not superstitious and regards number thirteen as lucky, it being his birthday, and he served for thirteen years with the Stuart Bros., proprietors of the Cadillac, Detroit, leaving them on the 13th to accept the management of the Capitol Hotel, in Lincoln, Neb., leaving on the 13th for Butler, Mo., where he opened the newly built hotel, The Pennell, and on the 13th of the month he accepted the management of the Hotel Plaza, erected by John W. Gates and citizens of Fort Arthur, Texas, and leaving for Quincy, to accept the management of the Hotel Quincy. If he had his way, he would have a thirteen story hotel, with 1300 rooms and 1300 guests arriving every day. Outside of business, Mr. Pennell is a patron of all healthy and outdoor sports and amusements, and is never so happy as when entertaining a crowd of friends on an outing. As a Chautauqua talker, Mr. Pennell is some talker, always in demand.



WILLIAM ENSIGN PRINGLE

WHEN leaving the College of Iowa, after graduating, Prexie said to him, William Ensign, remember a rolling stone gathers no moss. William Ensign replied -I am not looking for moss but experience, and if he hasn't had it, it is not because he has not travelled some. Many persons would call it wanderlust, but not so. It was experience that he desired and obtained, but whatever it was, he is a past graduate in the world's greatest college- experience, where travel and experience are its principal courses. If you can place your finger on any point on the map of the U. S., from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and San Diego, to Tampa, Fla., where his facile pen has not chronicled some event on a local paper, you will have to show him.

After leaving college he followed in the footsteps of Benjamin Franklin and began at the bottom, as all editors do, by learning the printing trade, then took up reportorial work and then made more than good. He has served as special writer on such publications as the Gate City, Keokuk, DesMoines Register and Leader, Globe Democrat, St. Louis; New York Journal, and Boston Traveller. Being a son of Noah, he stepped into the position of press agent of the Gentry Bros. Combined Shows and was its general manager for two of its most successful seasons. The call of the press again appealed to him. He came to Quincy as city editor of the Journal, and then accepted the position he now occupies and is Editor-in-Chief of the Whig. To print a newspaper that responds to the public demand for information, a man must have a natural gift, he must know intuitively what is clean, instructive and entertaining. If his own mind and heart be pure, he will not lapse from a high standard of fitness. To be decent and clean a newspaper need not be dull, insipid or colorless, if it be the product of well defined character and sturdy intellect, these characteristics will be stamped upon it. Although the paper itself mask the identity and veil the personality of its creator, his character will be reflected from it as clearly as one's image from a flawless mirror. The Whig is fortunate in, that its responsible head, Mr. Pringle, so far as its news columns and editorial utterances are concerned, is a man of high character and worthy ideas. He is not only a brilliant scholar, a close student, and is a newspaper man of long and varied experience, but his acts are inspired by a sincere purpose to serve the great public faithfully, intelligently and helpfully. Mr. Pringle is a B. P. O. E., K. P., I. O. O. F., and a Hook 'Em Kow.



DR. A. B. NICHOLS

IF YOU should ask him to which medical school he belongs, he will reply and in a loud tone of voice, the little pill school. While a small boy, and after partaking of stolen green apples and watermelons, and naturally becoming ill, and being dosed with nauseous drugs, he made up his mind he would when he arrived at manhood's estate, ascertain if there was not some pleasant medicines to relieve ills and sufferings, and being of an inquiring and scientific turn of mind, he attended the State University of Wisconsin, and after three arduous years received his degree of B.Sc. He then packed his trunk and hid himself to Chicago, and after a four years' course, was turned out a full fledged M. D. by the Hahnemann Medical College. After receiving his sheep skin he located in Joliet, removing shortly after to Macomb, Ill., and unlike most young medicos did not sit in his office and wait for patients, but went out into the highways and by-ways, extolling the virtues of LITTLE PILLS, and he had all the business he could attend to. Hearing of Quincy, and being desirous of residing where he could hear the steamboats whistle, he moved to Quincy. Should you be so fortunate when calling on the doctor and find him unoccupied, he will invite you into his private office, and immediately begin to extoll the virtues of "LITTLE PILLS" and give an exposition on the great school of Homeopathy; he will inform you that in Meissen, Saxony, April 10th, 1855, a boy was born that revolutionized medical science, that child was Samuel Christopher Frederick Hahnemann, the father of the Homeopathic School. The tenants of which are "SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR," or in plain Anglo-Saxon, "The hair of the dog will cure its bite." or the cure of a disease is effected by drugs that are capable in producing in a healthy person, symptoms similar to the diseases to be treated. This was Hahnemann's discovery in 1796 and given to the world by him in 1794, introduced into the United States in 1825 by Dr. Hans, Birch, Gram. The doctor will also inform you that the Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago, which is the oldest college in the West, was established in 1855, and is the leading sugar pill college in the United States. The doctor is certainly an enthusiast and is devoted to his profession, and if you see an automobile with a Red Cross on it, exceeding the speed limit you can bet a million it is the doctor on his way to relieve a case of distress and his patients are always glad to see him, because they know he won't give them any nauseous drugs. Dr. Nichols is a member of the Homeopathic Society, the Illinois State Medical Society and examining physician of the L. O. O. M., and a W. O. W.



THEODORE URBAN

TED is so big and so good natured that he doesn't need a middle name. He can get by without it, and he says, "What's the use," they don't even call me by my first name. They cut that to Ted. He doesn't care much what you call him, so long as you don't forget to call him when you are buying, or going on a shooting or fishing trip, because as secretary and treasurer of the A. Urban & Son Co., he is so busy that that's about all or about the only recreation that he has time for, excepting of course, the monthly sparring matches at the clubs, where he may be seen in a front row seat. Ted is a disciple of Isaac Walton, and he never goes on a shooting or fishing trip that he does not return laden with the spoils of the chase, and he doesn't buy them either like some do, but just sits and ashes and fishes until he gets them and he gets them. One of his greatest pleasures is after a trip to invite his friends and have them join him in a feast and it is some feast with the trimmings.

Ted was born in Nanvoo, and came to Quincy and after completing his school, and a business course at the Gem City Business College, when he was nineteen years old, he was sent on the road to sell goods, and he sold them, and in addition he made friends and customers for the house, and when the business was incorporated, he was made secretary and treasurer. About all the traveling Ted does now is to visit the trade occasionally to inform them that he has not forgotten, them and incidentally inquire how business is. If it is dull, it is not so while he is calling on them, and if you wish to have a trip that you will never forget, just ask Ted to take you on one of his occasional missionary trips, and he is some missionary. He gets the converts and the beauty of it is they stick and don't backslide. Ted is an Eagle, a member of the Turners, the North Side Boat Club, a H. E. K., and also chief factotum of the Rambling Shooting and Fishing Club.



A. C. BICKHAUS

HOPE to see you, is his greeting and parting phrase, and Mr. Bickhaus, or "Bick" as all his friends call him, when a boy was a great lover of chickens of the male sex, and having red blood in his veins, when a neighbor's rooster got the better of his, he proceeded to breed the brand of roosters that could not be whipped. No he is not in the manuring business, although he is manuring the cocks' spurs. He is of a very sympathetic nature and a lover of roosters, he only wants his rooster to have his spurs sufficiently sharp so that he may be able to take care of himself in any combat that he may happen to have; that is why in 1867, or 45 years ago, Mr. Bickhaus went into the file business and is still in it, which has grown until today, it is the largest file business west of the Allegheny mountains. For a long time Mr. Bickhaus was the bogie man of the naughty men who hold offices and play horse with the will of the people. If school houses were to be erected or sites for public buildings to be selected, sewers to be built, streets to be paved, he was Johnny on the spot, to prevent any trifling with the honor of the board of aldermen or any miscarriage of funds. His sharpened powers of observation enabled him to see a great many things that were so,—and a few things that weren't so.

Mr. Bickhaus has been able to keep his business and politics separated. A trick that few men can learn. He laid the foundations for a successful file business in hard work, and when on a basis of profit paying, dipped into politics as a measure of relaxation and self-preservation. His business moreover kept right on enlarging, and with the earnings from it, he purchased lands and hereditaments as the lawyers would say, and now is the owner in fee simple of property enough to make him independent of both business and politics, but he can divorce himself from neither. So it is expected he will keep up with the procession. Mr. Bickhaus is a real philanthropist, and at all times has the good of Quincy at heart, has made it possible for Quincy to have its amusement park, known as Highland park and also made it possible for the Base Ball association to have the new grounds now under construction. Long may we "Hope to see you," "Bick."



JULIUS W. BUSCH

YOU will notice that he stands with his hands pushed into his pockets, and looking out from the page as if he was saying: "Have this on me." His face tells the whole story. He is genial and frank; that is the legend written large upon his jowl and person. Everybody likes him; he was born to be liked. If he tried to be cross and surly, he would bankrupt the enterprise. His countenance would give him away, and when a man is given away, he is done for. When he smiles there is mischief in his eyes, and when he swears he doesn't mean it. He was predestined to be a Monk, but the machinery slipped a cog—fat men make Monks, not always good Monks, but Monks. Julius is fat—the real averdupois tissue all done up in a roly-polly embonpoint, and he shakes when he laughs. He also shakes when he doesn't laugh—for things that men drink when they are thirsty. He lived in St. Louis for a long time, then came to Quincy, where there was room for him to expand. He expanded with eclat and was accused of being an Imperialist. To prove that he wasn't nursing an ambition to become Emperor of Quincy, he organized a Fat Mans' Club, and was its chief bunt for a long time by virtue of his great weight and influence.

Julius is the sales manager of the Anheuser-Busch Prewing Co., in this district, and although not much of an orator, until he gets to extolling the virtues of Budweiser, then he can and does proceed to tell you that Bud is sold all over the world—London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Cape Town, St. Petersburg, Port Arthur, Peking, Sidney, Nagasaka, Honolulu, Rio Janerio, Buenos Ayres, or any old place you find a white man you will find Budweiser. Why? Well, Julius will tell you—is because it is America's favorite beverage, and the fact that they sold 173184600 bottles during the year, speaks eloquently of the superiority of its quality, purity and exquisite flavor, and more Budweiser is used in American homes than any two other brands of bottled beer, and this proves that its superiority is recognized everywhere.



J. W. BURT

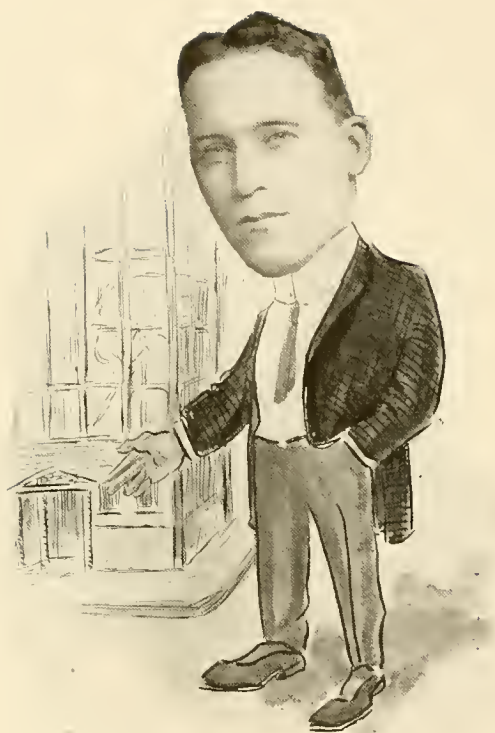
NOWADAYS there are so many self-made men that it is no longer considered much of a compliment to be known as the product of one's own brain and handcraft, but we cannot forego speaking of Mr. Burt as a really and truly self-made man. He started out in the world when fifteen years old as a train butcher, walnuts, chestnuts, hickorynuts, chewing gum, candy, pop corn and cigars. would you like a nice novel, ladies? He was so industrious that the conductors on the C., B. & Q. system put in a good word for him to the "Old Man," that he gave him a position on the road. It wasn't long until they offered him charge of one of the dining halls on the system. Col. Fred Harvey of the world famous system hearing of him, sent for him and gave him a more remunerative position. Noticing that every real estate man who dined with him lived like a Nabob, and was adorned with three and four carat stones, our subject, Mr. Burt, asked himself the question, Why not go into the real estate business? So in 1905 he jumped into the real estate game. Seeing a stranger on the street—does he wait for an introduction, not J. W., he steps up, reaches out his hand—just a minute, please, my name is J. W. Burt, I am in the real estate business; are you looking for a place? Why do you want to pay rent all your life to support some other man? Here's your chance, a nice lot on the corner, shade trees, sidewalks, sewers, electric lights. Buy on your own terms. Five dollars down and five dollars a month until paid. Good warranty deed. Title guaranteed. What? Don't want to buy? What on earth are you talking that way for? Here you get a bonafide city lot, right on the line of an electric railway, which takes you down town in just a few minutes, low taxes, pure water, fresh air, and fine schools. Why will you pay rent? Why will you not, when for five a month for land and house, and twenty dollars a month for car fare, for self, wife and children, live like a Rajah under your own fig tree? Don't be a chump, buy a home. Buy it of me, J. W. Burt, the only original blown-in-the-bottle realty man that ever came down the pike. That's the way he gets his business, and he gets it, believe me. One reason why he attracts attention is that the stranger he addresses stops, or when he stops, his, the stranger's eye gets a glimpse of the aldermanic badge that the Alderman wears and thinks he had better buy or be arrested.



JOHN THORNTON GILMER

OR TONY, as everybody calls him; was called Tone by his mother after an uncle, and he is the second one of the Gilmer family to bear the name of Tone, converted by his friends and intimates into Tony. Mr. Gilmer was born in Adams county, 1868, and graduated at the University of Illinois, at Champaign, took a law course at Chad-dock college, and graduated in 1888, and was admitted to the bar in 1889. In 1892, the people of Quincy first heard of Mr. Gilmer in the midst of the campaign, when he was a candidate for the legislature and was defeated by only four votes. In 1908, he was elected state's attorney. The milk of human kindness flows in the heart of Tony. He composes human differences, not because there is a fee in them, but because he wants the brethren and sisters to dwell together in concord and amity. It is not his nature to prosecute evil doers, and those that are prone to evil as sparks are to fly upwards. He is a firm believer in that principle of criminal jurisprudence, which give the accused the benefit of the presumption of innocence, but as states attorney, he shows neither fear nor favor and practices the law as laid down in the statute books. He couldn't look a criminal in the face and believe that the man or woman could commit the offense against the statute in such case made and provided. The consequence was that in trying cases he would act as a sort of next friend to the one on trial, demand of the judge and jury, that the defendant would be given the benefit of the doubt, but somehow, convictions were the invariable rule.

Mr. Gilmer, as states attorney, has established a precedent, that is, of being the first attorney to prosecute accused persons for cruelty to frogs. The agent of the Humane Society, having had two of the employees of the Hotel Quincy arrested for dismembering frogs, it was Tony's duty as states attorney to act as prosecutor, but as the case was called, he was engaged in another and more important case, and the case was turned over to his subordinates. Tony's contention was and by his assistants and witnesses, that a frog was an animal; the defense on the other hand, attempted to prove the frog was not an animal, and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." At that Mr. Gilmer established a precedent, although his office lost the case. Mr. Gilmer is the sixth generation of Gilmers in the United States, and the fourth generation to live in Adams county.



E. W. DARLING

QUINCYITES first learned of Elliott W. Darling, when he came to Quincy in 1910, when he came and looked over the proposition, submitted by the Gem City Hotel Company, who were erecting the Hotel Quincy. Mr. Darling being himself in the construction business, having for years been with the George W. Fuller Construction Co., of New York, Chicago and everywhere, as superintendent of construction, knew something about hotels, and looked over the building, and it being modern and fire proof, and the city extending him the glad hand, he with his associate, Mr. Charles J. Rice, exchanged confidence and leased the hotel. Mr. Darling is secretary and treasurer of the E. D. R. Hotel Corporation, but that is not all that he does; he may be seen looking out from the other page, saying this is my new hotel, The Plymouth, Chicago's newest, modern fire-proof hotel, and I built it for the comfort for our friends and patrons. It is located right in the center of Chicago's north side best residential and business district; and is equipped with every modern convenience and most handsomely furnished. Express elevator service from the roof every three minutes. L Station one and a half squares away from the hotel and no noise. Three and one half squares from Lake Michigan and Wilson avenue's bathing beach, and only a short distance from Lincoln Park. Every room an outside room, one entire wing being reserved for the exclusive use of ladies, beautiful rest rooms and reception parlors, and parlor for ladies. Mr. Darling will also inform you that his business is the building and construction business, and he knows just how to erect a modern up-to-date hotel, but to obtain profitable tenants was another matter, so he said to Rice, I can build them and as you are in the furniture business, you can furnish them so we will form a hotel company, and then play both ends against the middle. And the management they entrust to experienced hotel men, and that is the reason why the Hotel Quincy, of Quincy and the Hotel Plymouth of Chicago are prosperous and popular hotels.

Mr. Darling is a man whose judgment is unfailingly sound, because it is based upon sound business principles.



F. H. SCUDDER

LEWIS BURBANK has propagated the spineless cactus, that thornless gooseberry the black rose and other botanical wonders, but it remained for Mr. Scudder to invent and perfect the seedless prune, and that is how he comes by the name of "Prunes." He is a native of St. Louis and was raised in the wholesale grocery business. He received his preparatory education in the schools of St. Louis, and finishing at Yale University. While in Yale, he was a member of the track and foot ball teams, and was the first to say Wloa, and beat all previous track records (to the baths) and at the training table, did more to advance the business of the grocer than any other man on the squad. Leaving college, he entered the wholesale grocery house of Scudder-Gale in St. Louis, beginning at the bottom, and three years ago, was made manager of the Quincy house of Scudder-Gale. Do they get the business? Well, I guess—Yes. Ask him to quote you prices on nutmegs, lamp chimneys, chewing tobacco, flour, snuff, clothes-pins, or sugar, or anything in the wholesale grocery line and "Prunes," will not have to look in the price list, because he makes the prices and they are always right. He is a member of the lodge of Elks and also a member of the Country Club, and any time he may have for relaxation, he may be found on the links of the Country Club, and being the inventor and discoverer of the seedless prune, he uses the prune for a golf ball. His friends say, that he can make it more interesting in a contest for points, describing the various phases of the game, in so much as he knows more about it, than the old Highhlander, who invented the game. Mr. Scudder is a society man of the sturdy, strenuous type; he loves the open air, the water, and outdoor activity of every kind.



THOMAS E. LANE

SANTA CLAUS brought Tom to Glasgow, Kentucky, Christmas Day, 1870, so that is one reason why Tom is a true believer in Santa Claus, and because he was born and raised in Kentucky, that is why he is a horsey man. Why is it that the horsey man is so popular with the women? Have you ever noticed it? Haven't you been made jealous by him? You have seen him stumping along the street with a bob-tailed whip in his hand, and an archaic air pervading his vicinity, and every fast woman in view making Goo-goo eyes at him, and every window along his route waving handkerchiefs or framing a beaming female face. Now, why is it? Take the subject of this sketch, he never rides anything but the highest stepping animals and yet he is no more popular than the jeans habited individual who drives a stack of bones, whose heaves can be heard over in Hannibal. There must be something magnetic to the smell of the horseman, for the bummiest looking dock walloper that ever drove a bob-tailed car, can win a woman's smile, when a dude would be told to get off the lawn. Funny thing about it too, is that the horsey man rarely cultivates women. He prefers to sit in a quiet booth, under an electric fan and while imbibing the beverage that cheers, retail remarkable instances of his own prowess with the whip. Its "nuts" for him to gabble about some great race or the team heat between two celebrated roadsters which he had never seen. He delights to tell about the trim and range and style of some old nag whose remains are now holding upholstered furniture together or covering the feet of some pedestrian. The Horsey Man is a riddle to other men, who affect dogs and automobiles. When he is solved an envious majority will know how to win what comes their way without asking.

Tom came to Quincy about four years ago, and is the genial proprietor of the Atlas Buffet, and sells the foaming beverage that is made in Milwaukee and that made Milwaukee famous; he also sells other drinkables that have made some other men hilariously famous.



PERRY CANBY ELLIS

KENTUCKY is noted for many things, the more prominent being its beautiful women, blue grass, fast horses and the home of editors. Well, Mr. Ellis is a native son of Kentucky, having been born in that state in 1867, and having been brought up in the printing business and being a native Kentuckian, it is only natural that Perry should have turned to the newspaper field.

At an early age he removed to Missouri, and from 1886 to 1890, he was a member of the Kansas City Times staff, and Kansas City Journal from 1890-93, and the World from 1893-96. Tiring of its hills, he left Kansas City and accepted a position on the St. Louis Post Dispatch, leaving it to join the staff of the St. Louis Star in 1897, coming to Quincy as editor of the Quincy Whig in 1889, and remaining as its editor until 1910, when he resigned and created the Mississippi Valley Magazine, the only weekly magazine published west of New York City. The publication is devoted to the general interests and intended to entertain all and proclaiming to all the world at large, the world's garden spot offering power for industries cheaper than elsewhere on the globe.

He was a Roosevelt elector in 1904, a member of the State Central Committee 1908-10, a delegate to the National Republican convention of 1908, delegate to the Deep Water Ways Commission at Memphis in 1906, and at New Orleans in 1909, and a member of various fraternal organizations.



WM. F. BADER

I AM the original hot air man,
The man with the torrid smile,
I play the limit for all there is in it,
In short, I cut out the style.

For the boys that do and the boys that don't
With any old kind of a flash,
Eternally in it—I am ready each minute,
To blow out my elegant cash.

My business is easy, perhaps you may think,
Because it ends chiefly in smoke,
But working the dice, and saying things nice,
Can hardly be much of a joke.

I must know all about the latest that's out,
In form sheet, in paper and book,
If I give the wrong steer—my business I queer,
And my patrons would dub me a crook.

Of the man that plays first, of the half-back as well,
I must know each chap's pedigree,
Must talk of the horse, 'till I'm brutally hoarse,
Bet on everything going you see.

On football, handball, baseball and highball,
I'm authority to the whole group,
Sports, pastimes and races—cold feet and hot faces,
Shrimp salad and clam chowder soup.

Must smile if I lose, look sad if I win,
Must answer each query quite right,
If I hand out the dope, or pipe ancient rope,
I am ticketed quickly a fright.

So the job of a good hotair man
Is neither a cinch, nor a bluff,
But I'll hold it awhile in any old style,
If only to rake in the stuff.



DR. H. STROHL

WHEN Mr. Hippocrates, Father of the
Pharmacopeia,
Learned that roots, nuts and herbs,
Reduced to takable potions or pellets
Would ease pain and drive fever away,
He wot not that centuries hence
Science would ope' the bowels of the earth,
Expose the secrets hid in all things
Animate and inanimate; unchain
The lightning, rive the rock, smite the sea
To conjure mystic medicine for men,
And, through Dr. Strohl, laugh hoarse defiance
to disease.
Little wot he, that in this epoch,
The knife would be robbed of terror
By subtle agents, whose wondrous power
Would lure to dreamless sleep the pain-
racked,
Or, that quickening the vision, would
Still make immune to pain the subject
Of all but complete dismemberment,
Little wot he that juice of vine or salt of
mineral,
Would translate the pains of travail to joyous
bliss;
Or that the loosened chord or broken bowl
Would be repaired by art of skillful hands,
Could old Mr. Hip. return to earth today,
And sit in the office with his disciple Strohl
He would stand amazed before the wonders
That have been wrought. The modern hos-
pital,
With its alleviatives, would transfigure with
Astonishment; the modern pharmacy, with its
Myriad compounds to cure the ills of flesh,
Would jolt each hair upright. Even we, albeit
familiar
With bewildering strides of progress, marvel
at the
Roentgen ray and utilized electric current and
yet these
Things are common-place to Dr. Strohl.
And only in extreme cases
Does he resort to the use of the knife;
Because he knows many times, that many times,
Needlessly is the knife called into play.
And he believes in medicine, and therefore—
Is a disciple of Hippocrates.



JOHN KORN

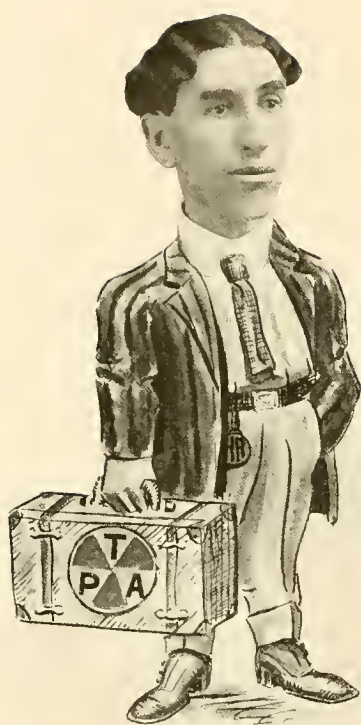
MR KORN, is not an attitudinizer; the artist took a little liberty with his pose, by placing him in juxtaposition to the pretzel. He is leaning against the emblem of the salty order of pretzels, you will perceive with an air of self-consciousness. He says, "I am it," what he means by it, is that he is the "Little Twist" of the Illinois Division of State Bakers of the salty order of Pretzels. It is not every man that can come into a city and in the short space of two years name a street or an alley, but that is just what Mr. Korn has done. Immediately south of the H. Korn Baking Company's plant is an alley, and this thoroughfare is called "Pretzel Alley," because in his native city, Davenport, next to the old plant of the H. Korn Baking Co., the alley was the playground of the five Korn brothers who were born and raised in a building adjoining the alley. In latter years Pretzel Alley not only became their playground, but became famous as a playground for all who lived and worked near the alley. Business and professional men from nearby streets and office buildings came to Pretzel Alley during noon hours and after working hours for a bit of wholesome recreation; there were a lot of jolly good natured fellows and the outcome of these meetings was the organization of Pretzel Alley into an independent commonwealth, with a mayor and an extensive retinue of officials. Annual elections are now held in Pretzel Alley and there is quite a good deal of good natured rivalry when election day draws near. The lumber dealers have their Hoo-Hoo's, the coal men their Ko-Ko's, the insurance men their "Blue-Goose," so the bakers organized the S. O. O. P.

Mr. Korn who is head of the Korn Bakery, the largest bakery in this section of the country, is a hustler with capital letters. Mr. Korn came to Quincy about two years ago from Rock Island and built the magnificent Korn Bakery Plant. He was in Quincy but a short time until he had attracted the attention of the whole city, and in a short time received recognition from the live business men, and was elected as a director and second vice president of the Quincy Chamber of Commerce. The Korn bakery plant is today the most complete bakery in Western Illinois, and only goes to show that Mr. Korn is like his famous brand of bread, Tip-Top in everything he undertakes.



C. E. FOWINKLE

C. E. FOWINKLE is entitled to the honor of being addressed in all the official correspondence as the photographer in chief to the City of Quincy. With him the art of taking pictures is a passion. He loves the work, because it gives play to the artistic temperament. Merely to take and make pictures is not his ambition—it is to present a counter-presentment of the individual, which shall be a likeness, not a speaking likeness, but one that instantly recognizes itself to the eye of a friend or an acquaintance. For many years he has been taking the best and most familiar faces in the city of Quincy. His studio is a pictorial directory of the town, containing at any rate the mirrored features of most of the prominent society leaders and business folk. That convention is incomplete that does not hold its head erect, turn slightly to the right, keep its eye on a fixed object, and sit still for a moment, while he uncovers the business end of his giant camera for a telltale exposure of its countenance to the sympathetic plate concealed within. That distinguished man of art, science or letters who comes to Quincy and goes away without sitting for Fowinkle, misses something more historic and distinctly to his fame, than is a visit to the manufacturing points of interest, the parks, or a tip to the Great Dam, just above Quincy. We think it no exaggeration to say that Mr. Fowinkle has made more faces than any other man in Quincy, not by sticking his tongue in his cheek, but by the aid of his camera, and most excellent ones as the many exhibitions of his skill contained in this book go to affirm. Like all other true artists Mr. Fowinkle has his fad. It is not a common one, however, few photographers cultivate it. It is the making of "Genre Pictures." These are generally made with children and animals, or wit hold people set against a homely, rustic scene. His other specialty is that of exterior and interiors of business houses and residences. His work in landscape photography in particular, has commanded universal, artistic approbation.



HENRY RUNDLE

"With all thy faults I love thee still,"
Sang the inspired poet.
He was under the spell of surging exhilaration,
He was wholly unmindful of the
Outrageous flings of fortune, and
Cared not a rap that the
Object of his affection was covered
With faults as barnacles cover ships' bottoms.
Whiskey, to whom his trophe was addressed,
Has slain its thousands and heart broken
It's tens of thousands. Its faults are
As the sands of the beach, but it
Remains an apple of gold in picture of silver
To all who respect instead of abuse it.
The worst that can be said of it is not worse
Then can be said of water.
Whatever whiskey has entailed upon man
Has been entailed through choice or weakness;
Water has claimed its millions of lives
And wrecked a world. Whiskey has
Yet a world to knock into smithereens.
So the poet sang, not ribald nor risque
When he protested his love for the yield
Of the still which fires ambition and
On occasion cures the ills of mortal flesh,
By the way, the whiskey that Hagan & Rundle sells,
Has its faults in common, but it is Rundle whiskey that
Gladdens the hearts and cheers the soul,
It is a better business, he says, than selling
Furs, for furs are filled with
Skin, while whiskey fills the skin.

Mr. Rundle is a member of the wholesale liquor firm of Hagan & Rundle. He was born in Colchester, Ill., and received his education in the public schools and is a graduate of the Gem City Business College of Quincy. Their firm is the largest mail order house in their line in Quincy. Hank, as his familiars call him, is a member of the Eagles, the Red Men, T. P. A.'s, S. L. A., the Moose, H. E. K., and also member of the North Side Boat Club.



JOSEPH F. ZIMMERMAN

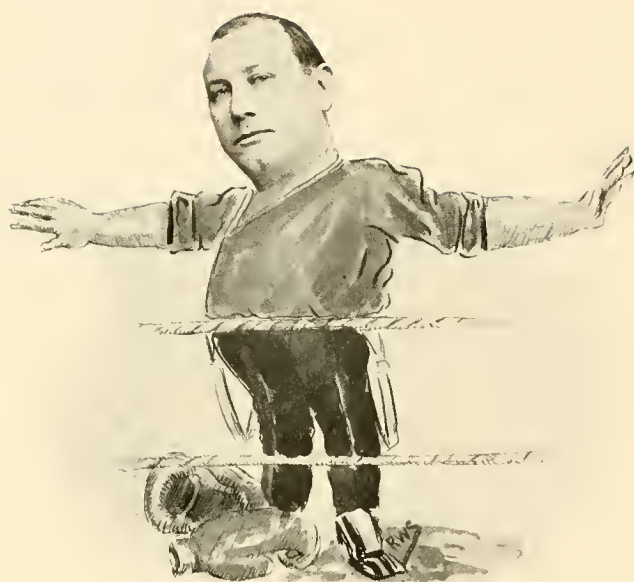
WHEN the snows of winter fade away before the soft sunshine of the early spring, the crocus lifts its delicate head above the mold to bow perfumed welcome to the verdure that appears by magic, to spread itself over hillside, valley and the branches of the trees, the welcome of the crocus is cheery and sweet, but it is not in it with the welcome that Mr. Zimmerman carries with him wherever he may wander. The open geniality of his countenance, the calorific intensity of his handshake and beneficent smile of his recognition, make him the friend of every acquaintance, that is why Joe is a successful hide buyer, who can and does buy more hides for less money than any man in his territory, and his customers are always glad to see him and hold their hides for Joe. He is a native of Chicago, and one of his first positions in business life was with the Pullman Car Co., of Pullman, Illinois. Then he was connected with the engineering and surveying corps of the telephone company, and for the past decade, has been a resident of Quincy and connected with the firm of Bolles & Rogers as one of the buyers, and he is the best known, best liked and most popular traveling man in this section. Joe is a member of Post A, T. P. A., and whenever the T. P. A. s are pulling off a stunt, you will find Joe in the very front row.

At a convention as a delegate or on an excursion, you will find him busy as a nailer, working for the good and interests of the organization. Although musically inclined and fond of the terpsichorean art, when on a T. P. A. excursion he will be found busily engaged in endeavoring to make everybody happy, and seeing to it that they are enjoying themselves. That's his hobby, when out on a time, make everybody happy, and he in turn is happy, because one of his chief pleasures in life is making it pleasant for other people.



C. A. E. KOCH

OLD Socrates, the philosopher, once upon a time when philosophizing, said, let the young do the work, and send the old to school, and build colleges for them. Well, Charles Augustus Edward Koch, as he was christened and baptized certainly took old Sock's advice, because at the early age, mature, he would call it, of fourteen, he began to earn his livelihood, on a book-keeper's perch over the ruled pages of heavy ledgers that carried bleak red lines and distracting figures. Many a night he labored for hours to find a missing two cents, that were necessary to balance accounts, only to miss it, time and again to begin all over again. There is no task that is quite so discouraging as to find the missing link to prove a trial balance. One must examine the items of one or more accounts several times over, and frequently the mistake eludes the keenest vigilance altogether. Ed, as he is familiarly called, pored and worried over that sort of thing, until he became so proficient that mistakes with him were unknown. When he was not bookkeeping he was delving into the Pharmacopeia, absorbing knowledge from the erratic, the freakish and unstable and welding the separate parts into a whole. He is now the credit head of the well known drug house the Miller & Arthur Drug Co. He made himself so useful that at the age of nine he was taken in as a junior partner. He is an argus eyed credit man. Is the customer slow in liquidating his indebtedness, or are the customers' collections slow? if so, he comes to see Ed with his tale of woe. In a few minutes he goes back with a smile on his face because Charles Augustus has shown him how to get the money. Don't think because he is a member of the firm and a credit man, that he has no time for relaxation or other duties—business and social, because he does. He is a Past Exalted Ruler of Quincy Lodge, B. P. O. E's, at present a trustee, Past Regent Quincy Council Royal Arcanum, No. 125, at present treasurer, and for three years President of the Quincy Turnverein; Secretary and Treasurer of Post A., T. L. A., for the past five years, and can be as long as he desires, and as an amateur actor, is some actor. He can grow a mustache in two minutes, but is always seen in his office wearing a smooth face, and a smile that won't come off. At the Elks' annual musical comedy last spring, he as Sylvester Slick, a traveling man, more than made good, as he always does.



FRED G. SMITH

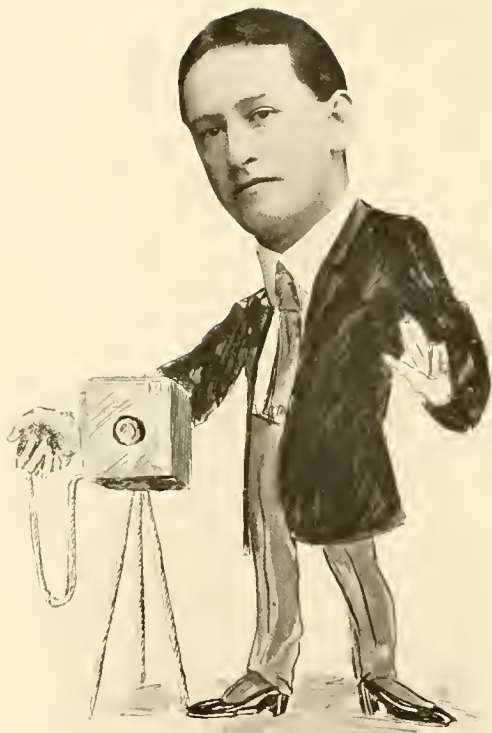
A DRAW says Fred, and everyone goes away satisfied, because they know that Fred would not under any consideration render any but a just decision, and he is some referee. No fistic event of any importance takes place in Quincy, but that he is called upon to referee, because the lovers of the sport have implicit confidence in his judgment. His long suit is friendship; he believes in it as implicitly as he believes in the common fraternity of mankind. If a friend is worth having, he is worth sticking to through thick and thin, and he is a prominent member of the historic family, who lives his precepts. The real friend is the man who will lend you money, even if you do owe him a few bucks on an ancient loan; if you say to him: lend me an iron man until tomorrow, he will dig down in his jeans with never a thought of the elastic property of the word, that the Spanish dote on. If you invite him to lunch, he will say, "Come on, old man, its on me," and buy a lunch worth while; if you intimate that you are thirsty he will take the hint and order the kind that is worth while. If you feel like taking a smoke he is there with the cigars. If you sit in a game of "draw" he will decline to take your red and blues, because he is your friend. If you need an umbrella, he will say, take it along my boy, and if you take it and never return it, he will refrain from making comments on the moral turpitude, and the littleness of the umbrella borrower. To be a "blow-in-the-bottle" friend nowadays, you must be an easy mark, or else you are a "squeeze, or too 'near" to be a good fellow.

Fred G. Smith, however, is a friend of discretion and discernment. There is no counterfeiting his article. He will do anyone a good turn for necessity or accommodation, but he won't be done by cheap skates, who know no more about the value of virtues or friendship, than a hog knows about the music of Balfe. Fred has hosts of friends, and when he is not refereeing about you will always find him at his buffet, where he will give you the glad hand.



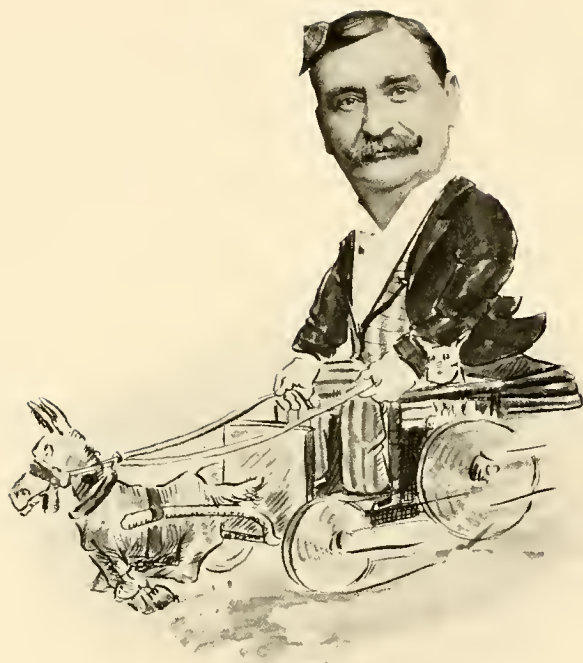
WILL H. HELHAKE

THE successful shoeman must know and thoroughly understand shoes. He must also have an eye for the beautiful in the way of adorning his place of business. Plenty of light and ventilation, comfy seats and other accessories, that go to make the customer know that he is in a progressive place of business. He must be successful, also always remember that no feminine patron could possibly wear more than a 2½ or 3-C at the most, and that is one reason why Will H. Hellhake, manager of the Weltin Shoe Co., is a successful shoeman. He is a native son of Quincy, and received his schooling at St. Boniface school, and while as a Whig newsboy wondered why it was someone did not sell shoes that fit the feet and didn't pinch. So he went into the shoe business, learning all that he could in local stores, he bided himself to the State Capital, where he learned that the feet were larger and harder to fit. He then returned to Quincy, as superintendent of the outfitting of the Weltin Shoe Co., where he as manager, has one of the neatest and one of the most complete shoe emporiums in the country. He does not confine himself to one line or factory's goods, but handles the output of the best factories, and has special lines made for their own trade. In the shoe world Mr. Hellhake is an accepted authority, his judgment is accepted as final, but he is not engrossed altogether by the demands of business. He has time to cultivate the gentle art of action. It is more of a diversion with him than anything else and yet devotes himself to it, with great seriousness of purpose. He believes that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well, and consequently he acts his best as dictates by conscientious study and his application to true standard of dramatic art. He has never invaded the professional field, but finds great delight in amateur performances, and as hotel clerk of the White Elephant, a musical comedy, recently given by the Elks his work was such that many stars could learn from him interesting detail of expression and personal equipose.



CHARLES C. McCORMICK

THERE is a vast difference between the photographic studios of today and that of a generation ago, or in the days of our Fathers, when to "have your picture took," was an event in one's life, and looked upon with about as much pleasure as a visit to the dentist. The photographic establishment has about it an ancient and fish-like smell. The odor is boisterous; you detect it the minute you look in the directory for the proprietor's name. It is a clinging bouquet that won't let go, when it has nothing farther to communicate. Once smelling it, you are amazed to think that from its midst issues the plate from which is printed with photolike clearness, the picture of your candidate for office. Not so, however, with the studio of Mr. McCormick. He belongs to the Impressionistic League. He is a connoisseur of the beautiful; he revels in the ethics of art; he rejoices in the ideal. His studio is as a studio should be, clean, artistic and without an odor. The interior is soft and soothing to the senses. One steps from the maddening noises of the busy thoroughfare into a highly adorned studio. Other places may be gilded and ornate with imitation treasures of Occident and Orient of studio and loom. McCormick's place is glorious with the originals, and when placed as in former days of the visit to the photographer, being a task to be dreaded, you really enjoy a visit to McCormick's lair. His art is an interesting study. The nicety with which chemicals eat away and leave exposed only the lines which print the subject is surprising to the uninitiated, and the various processes by which a finished plate is evolved by photography, is surprising, and have much of the charm of magic. Probably the largest plant of its kind in this section, is the studio of Mr. McCormick, which is prepared to execute on short notice the very best work. Samples of the work are seen in this book. The delicacy of the work is shown by the nicety of its lighting and clear cut lines. Mr. McCormick is not a mechanical photographer, with him it is an art. A novice with passing experience may be able to produce plates which will print passable pictures, but to secure the correct effects the operator must have skill and training as an artist.



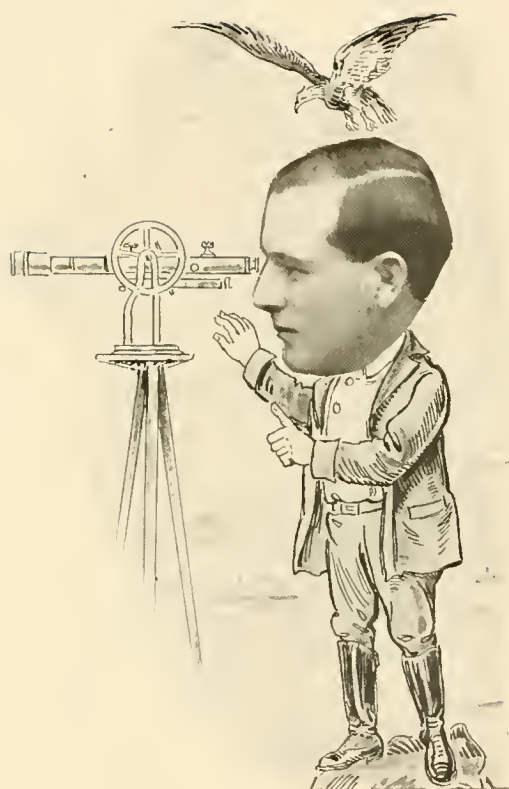
W. H. WOOD

HARRY, or the Colonel, as he is called is an enthusiast; no matter what he does, he puts his whole heart and soul into it. If it is a baseball game, he is there rooting, and out rooting the rooters. If it is an evening's assemblage of business men, at one of the physical culture entertainments at Highland park, you hear Harry's voice advising them "to knock his block off, poke him in the slats, soak him, get his goat." Whatever Harry does he is whole-souled, and all his friends know it. You will see the Colonel at the races, and he usually has a small pasteboard that he is willing to give up, to the man in the box, who is willing to relinquish some of the coin of the realm for the pasteboard. Everyone that knows Harry is conversant with the fact that he is a native of the Tight Little Isle, but very few know that he was brought up in the hotel business. At sixteen years of age, was a clerk at the Rackenford Devonshire, about 165 miles from London. Hearing of the possibilities of the United States, Harry made up his mind to come to the land of the free and the home of the brave. Did he pack up his grip—not him—first he wrote a letter to several leading hotel men, and received a favorable reply and then he packed his goods and chattels and took passage on the City of New York and arrived in New York City in November, 1889. His correspondence in New York City gave him a letter and Harry lost no time in reaching Galesburg, where he entered the employ of the C., B. & Q. Eating House System, and made good; so good in fact, that in a short time he was given charge of the dining room—after ten years' service he was transferred to Quincy and placed in charge of the C., B. & Q. dining hall. Hearing so many of his customers complaining of the hotels, Harry said: "Leave it to me," so he hunted up the owner of the property at Third and Oak street and purchased the corner and spent nearly \$75,000 in erecting a real caravansary, The Wood's Hotel, where the tired and weary traveller can be assured of a bed that will lull him to Dreamland, and a meal that will remind him of home. It is Harry's pride thought, that he is the only hotel man in the city that is his own landlord, and the Woods is not only a hotel in name, but a modern, up-to-date hotel, where everything the traveller may wish, is his for the asking.



H. H. SCHLINKMAN

IT ISN'T every man elected to the position of alderman who voluntarily resigns, and that is just what H. H. done. He served as alderman two terms and was a member of the leading committees, but desirous of engaging in business and leaving his ward he tendered his resignation. You ask what H. H.'s business is and almost anybody will tell you something different. His business is really fish and fowl, or fish and game in season. Yet if you have an old horse that you would like to trade a young one or a better one for, take it to H. H. and he will give you a swap. When it comes to trading horses, he is really a philanthropist, always willing to take the worst end of the deal if there is a worse end, but his principal business is that of conducting the H. H. Schlinkman Buffet. But the man with the fish in the opposite picture knows where to get good fish. Being a fish man doesn't necessarily mean that he is—well, the kind of fish that are popular in the common venacular—H. H. doesn't catch everything which he sells to the public. Many a man buys his string of fish on occasions, and the only difference between H. H. and the other fellow is that he never tells where he gets them, but you may depend upon it that he has them, and that they are fresh. Mr. Schlinkman inherited from his father a keen sense of integrity of dealing with his fellowmen. He believes in doing what is right, irrespective of political parties, and in contempt of those meaner purposes, which frequently insatiate city officiators, and while a member of the council in order to represent his constituents fairly he must represent them as far as possible independently of political prejudice. This he certainly succeeded in doing with remarkable success. He was a member of various committees and if anything came up that he was not in sympathy with he was not a bit backward in demanding an investigation of its conduct in the affairs. During the investigation he always proved to have complete knowledge of affairs, and he was a thorn in the side of the members to whom he put questions as short and as pointed as a minnow hook.



FRED LEE HANCOCK

WHAT'S the angle? Well, if you wish to adjust the polar axis of the solar compass, or know anything about meander lines, triangulation, or rectangular coordinates, just call up Fred. Fred was born when he was quite young in Pontussuc, Ill. Receiving his preliminary education in Carthage, then removing to Ft. Madison, Ia., completing his mathematical studies in Johnson Business College. He prepared himself by practical work in the field, learned curvilinear surveying, also how to adjust a vernier of the declination arc, and was appointed assistant city engineer of Ft. Madison. In 1898 he finally decided he would remove to Quincy, where he could buy ice cream in the winter time, smoke store-made cigarettes on the streets without shocking all society or being talked about. In 1900 he was elected city engineer of Quincy, and has settled more line fence disputes with a word after courts and sheriffs had failed utterly to settle it, with all the machinery adjusted. Mr. Hancock broke into politics—he will not pretend that his friends dragged him in without his will—neither will he argue that a great crisis called him to action. He simply wanted to be city engineer, because he thought he would like the job and the salary. In 1911, after being in office ten years, he was again a candidate, but as Fred puts it, he was glad that the polls closed at 5 o'clock because he says, "If they would have kept them open longer, he would have been defeated by about a million votes." Politically a Democrat, and coming by it honestly, having been named (as you will note his middle name) after General Robert E. Lee. Fred doesn't care about defeat, and although being defeated for re-election, he is loyal to his party, and is chief of the engineering corps of the Quincy and Western Illinois railroad, he is too busy to think about politics. Do you get the angle? He is some joiner, Fred is Past Worthy President of the Eagles, a member of the Elks, Ben Hur, North Side Boat Club and Hook 'Em Kows.



HENRY L. MICHELMANN

ONE of the oldest industries in Quincy, is that of the Michelmann Steel Construction Company, founded in 1865 by J. H. Michelmann, father of Henry L. Michelmann. The year 1865 being the year of Henry's birth, so we may say Henry was brought up in the boiler business. When he was a boy in his marble stage, he used the blanks punched out of sheet and boileriron for marbles, and boiler rivets for jack stones. After he finished his school days, and had completed his education, he started to learn the boiler trade, and he learned it, for if there is anything about the boiler making industry, that he is not conversant with, it is something that has not yet been discovered. In 1900 the plant was incorporated, and Mr. Henry L. was made Secretary and Manager. In 1906, the name was changed to the Michelmann Steel Construction Company. The plant's original home was located at Second and Spring Sts., where the Q. Freight Depot is now located, and their business increasing necessitating more room, they removed to their present location—Second and Hampshire Sts. In 1903 they added a structural, iron and steel department in addition to steam boilers, smoke stacks, riveted pipes, and fire escapes, and today, in addition, they erect steel structures for buildings and bridges, steel tanks, steel towers, and stand pipes, and they specialize in bridges for highways, and all classes of metallic structures. They have but recently completed the steel and glass addition to the Little Metal Wheel Works, the first structure of this kind in this section of the country. The artist has shown Mr. Michelmann on the opposite page, astride of a boiler, although if you were to visit the plant, you would not find him pounding away, but in or about the plant, or in the office, figuring on some bridge or other work, and it takes more than mere figures in these days of fierce competition to land a big bridge contract. He must have the figures right, must also be able to convince a board of skeptical, quizzical, supervisors that his estimate, if not the lowest in price, is the most reasonable and the best possible, combatable within the appropriation, and Mr. Michelmann certainly does convince the sceptical all over Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, and other western states, because in any of these states, may be seen bridges and other structures bearing the plate—Constructed by the Michelmann Steel Construction Company, Quincy, Ill., so Mr. Michelmann is in a way a missionary, and is constantly advertising Quincy. A few years ago, a neighboring city, offered them a bonus and grounds as an inducement provided they would remove their plants, but the natal feeling was strong, too strong in fact for Mr. Michelmann to think of removing their plant, and so they are fixtures in Quincy, and one of the oldest manufacturing institutions in the city. Mr. Michelmann is a member of Post A. T. F. A., a Mason, and a member of the Ghazzeah Grotto Mystic Order of Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm.



T. W. DURANT

WHERE there is a will there is a way, and especially if you have a pull. And the gallant naval officer, depicted on the opposite page, had some pull, and his pull was with a no less personage than the President of the United States, Grover Cleveland. Mr. Durant always wanted to be a naval officer, and as the quota of his state was filled, it did not dishearten him. The fact that he had on divers and numerous occasions acted as boatswain for President Cleveland, on fishing jaunts, gave him his pull, and when he with apprehension suggested to his Excellency that he would like an appointment to the naval school, his wish was granted. Mr. Durant is a down-east Connecticut Yankee, having been raised in North Stonington, Conn. After spending four years at Annapolis he was commissioned an ensign, and in 1898 went to Cuba in command of the *Sirin*, a converted yacht, an auxiliary of the Mosquito Fleet, under Commodore Rainey, commander of the fleet, flagship *Lancaster*. During the Spanish-American war, Lieut. Durant, while in charge of the *Sirin*, captured the *Franklin*, a Norwegian steamer, smuggling wheat and rice off of Mantanzas, Cuba, the *Franklin* was taken to Key West, and sold for \$65,000. Lieut. Durant's share of the prize money was \$1,760. At the close of the war he then returned to Boston, accepting a position with the Commonwealth Laundry of Boston. Chicago having more smoke and better possibilities, he went to Munger's Laundry of Chicago, and then accepted a position as sales manager and was a director of the Pullman Chemical Stock Company. Two years ago he came to Quincy as superintendent and secretary of the Quincy Laundry Company. He is a member of the K. P.'s, Forresters, L. O. O. M., H. E. K., and a member of the Metropolitan Officers' Association of Massachusetts of the United States Navy.



EDWARD SIEPKER

OH, yes, you all remember him. He conducts the popular Wood Leaning resort on Fifth street, opposite Washington Square. You all know Siepker's, and it is a popular resort and handsomely furnished and decorated. It is one of the oldest wood leaning clubs in the city, and for over one-half of a century has been the place where men about town congregate and meet each other, and over a cold one exchange confidences and lean against the Mahogany. And prophesy how much majority their candidate will have in the coming election, and when they tire of leaning, they retire to one of the handsome leather booths, and increase their candidate's majority and while waiting for lunch to be served, reminisce as to how long the place has been occupied as a wood leaner's club and they figure that for over fifty years it has been occupied as such and for the past thirty-five years has been known as the house of Siepker's.

In 1906, Edward, the manager, who is depicted on the opposite page, declaiming on the purity and merits of the oil of joy contained in the bottle he is holding forth, had the place enlarged, remodelled and aspired to do a larger business, and he is doing it, and you will always find him on the job. Is it a case or a barrel you wish to buy or a whole stock of wet goods you want, well he is with you, and if it is only a shell for five, he is there with the pleasant smile and if the register only rings a "gitney," he thanks you because he knows that before night it will be filled with the jingling coins that glut it every night. Ed's father before him conducted the place and it is as natural for him to stand on the other side of the Mahogany and get the coin as it is for a keg or a bottle to run dry, and the more dry kegs and empty bottles the more the register rings. But he is not supposed to be always there. It is seldom, however, you will not find him somewhere about the place, or within hail, and when one of the mixologists is absent, he doffs his coat and hat, and dons the apron and jacket and steps into the breach and they do say he can make a cocktail, a gin ricky, or a silver fiz that sometimes make some members of the club wish there were no midnight closing law, and that all they had to do in life was to buy the decoctions and watch him work. Buffets come and go, but oft times men will drop in and remark it is over thirty years since I was in Quincey. When last here, I had a smile in this same place; that is only another testimonial as to the popularity of the house of Siepker's and they do say he is making more money than he ever makes noise about, and that helps some. Being a truthful man and knowing that it would be absolutely impossible for him to be on time to luncheon or dinner, he never could muster the courage to ask a shrinking and confiding woman to take him for better or worse, because he wouldn't lie to her about the "worse."



JOHN L. FLYNN

BEFORE his advent into the world, his father was in the soda and mineral water business, and John Jr., Jack, as he is familiarly called, was raised on soda and mineral water, and is a living example of what kind of a man first-class soda and mineral water will produce. Mr. Flynn is the Manager of J. J. Flynn & Co., manufacturers and bottlers of carbonated waters, syrups and extracts, and before he was old enough to go to school knew more about the soda water business than some people who have been in the soda business for years. Now in the manufacture of soda there is something that to the uninitiated is more than mysterious. To walk into a plant and see the different processes is interesting to say the least. Some people inquire: Is soda healthy? Mr. Flynn will answer, the most healthful beverage in the world, the purest of water only, distilled and filtered. The best of fruits and syrups and we manufacture our own extracts and flavors of all kinds, and look at me, he will say, I have been drinking soda water for years and years. Do I look thin or scrawny, am I puny, do I look sick, not me. See my automobile. Do I ever get stuck out on the road with it. Never. If our soda is not all O. K. and healthy, and pure, would I having been raised on it, be as husky looking as I am. Well, I don't think.

And it is true—the product of the J. J. Flynn Co. is recognized by connoisseurs in soda, mineral and table waters to be the best obtainable. The utmost care is exercised in the manufacture and bottling, cleanliness and purity is their hobby. Filters and every modern improvement conducive to purity and cleanliness being used, is just why their business is the success it is and taxes the capacity of the plant.

Mr. John L., is the manager and responsible head of the firm. He was born and raised in Quincy. He is a member of various fraternal organizations, among them being the Knights of Columbus, Eagles, S. P. A., Turners and North Side Boat Club. A baseball fan and a lover of horses. Although he is an automobile owner, he has not yet been attacked by automobilism. One of Mr. Flynn's hobbies is charity, and his friends say, that if it were not for him, some of the institutions that depend on the generosity of the public would fall short of making both ends meet, and he has never been known to refuse aid to any one really in need.



W. F. GERDES

TO THE layman watching the erection of a steel structure or bridge, it is apparently a simple matter, to put the beams or girders together, but it takes a skilled engineer to design, plan and have all the different sections fit with the nicety of a watch pinion. Mr. Gerdes of the Michaelmann Steel Construction Company, is an experienced engineer, not the kind that runs an engine, a locomotive, or surveying streets, highways or lots, but a structural engineer, and he is practical. Not acquiring the knowledge in a college, or a correspondence school, but under private tutors and in the actual construction department of the largest engineering and construction firms in the West.

He was for years connected with the Union Iron Foundry of St. Louis, and in 1893, when the Michaelmann Steel Construction Company added a steel structural department, he took charge of that department. He can tell you all about the different qualities of ores, where they are mined, what the value is, and how they are most easily and cheaply shipped to the furnaces. He can tell you every detail of the process of reducing the ores to pig, and of converting the pig into steel, or other forms of marketable iron. He knows all about the open hearth process, and the Bessemer process and any other process that was ever invented. He can tell you the tensile strength and the deductibility of a steel bar girder, and what the scientific processes require and that too without consulting a text book or being compelled to refresh his memory from works of any kind. Mr. Gerdes has structural steel down so pat, that the professional scientist who depend upon theory take to the tall and uncut whenever his opinion is pitted against theirs on matters of facts. He is one of the members of the Michaelmann Steel Construction Company, and has charge of the engineering and drafting department, and lays the work out on paper, so that when completed, each beam or girder fits to the smallest fraction of an inch. The Keokuk sub station, now under construction at Keokuk, Ia., the trusses for the Wise paper mill, the Gardner Governor Works and the new St. Francis chapel are all of his designing. During the last decade more progress has been made in structural work than in any other industry, due to the fact that demand calls for a higher more substantial and fire proof structures. The Michaelmann's Steel Construction Company keep abreast of the times, and cities and towns in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma and other western states all show either bridges or steel structures as examples of their work.



CHARLES DEWEY CENTER, M. D.

WHEN the patient has taken medicine until his system will not retain any more, and he thinks his appendix or carburetor, or his transmission refuses to respond to treatment, or that he has sand in his gear box and he is thinking of buying a one-way ticket across the ferry on the stix, he sends for a surgeon and in Quincy it is usually Dr. Center. That is the doctor's profession and he harbors a sincere love for it. He is the attending surgeon of Blessing hospital and is also a lecturer of the training school for nurses at Blessing hospital. He is a graduate of Knox College, and read medicine under Dr. J. S. Reyburn, at Ottawa, Ill., and in 1891 matriculated in Rush College in Chicago and graduated with the class of 1894, winning the Freer prize for the best thesis. He began his professional life as company's physician on the Geogobio iron range in Northern Wisconsin, and was afterward house surgeon in the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, thus putting to practical test his theoretical knowledge and professional service of a vital and important character.

The doctor under the late James H. Etheridge, M. D., acquitted himself for specializing in surgery, and gives particular attention to the surgical diseases of women and children. A close student, he carries investigations and researches into the realms of scientific knowledge bearing upon his profession, and is the author of many monographs, among them being acute, hemorrhagic, Encephalitis. Abdominal Pregnancy, History of Medicine, Malaria, Rational Treatment of Injuries by Fomentation and the treatment of Cutaneous diseases by X-ray-therapy. He was one of the early investigators of the X-ray and one of the first against placing too great confidence in curing diseases by the X-ray, and in the practice of both medicine and surgery he has displayed a skill that entitles him to the leading ranks of the profession. He is a member of the American Medical Association, Illinois State Medical Society, and Adams County Medical Society. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, also of the Beta Theta Pi, and the Phi Kappa Phi. He is also major United States medical corps, assigned to the Fifth infantry, I. N. G.



JOSEPH H. VANDENBOOM

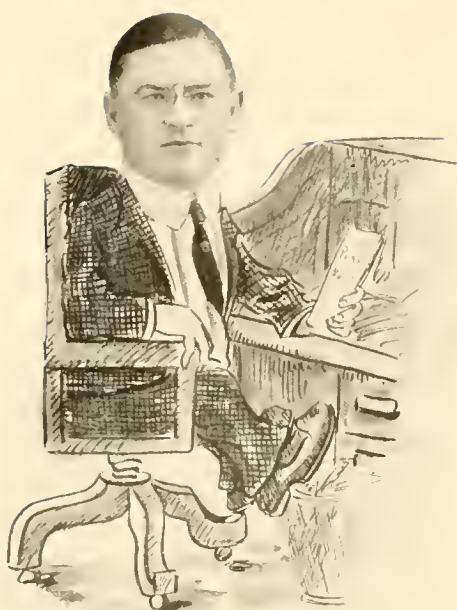
WHEN Miss Opportunity knocked on his door, he was always at home, and if it occurred to him that she was relax in her visit, he went out and looked her up and personally invited her to call, and Quincy has more than benefitted by the tireless efforts of Mr. VandenBoom, and his co-operation in behalf of Quincy, and he may be always counted upon to further any movements for the good of the city. He is a native son of Quincy and began his education in the parochial schools, graduating from the Bryant and Stratton Business College. His first employment was in the Ricker National Bank, where he served as a clerk for two years. He then entered the service of VandenBoom & Blomer, pork packers, as bookkeeper, and in 1875 he formed a partnership with Henry H. Moller in the lumber business, and under the firm name of Moller & VandenBoom, in 1901, after the death of Mr. Moller, the firm was incorporated as the Moller & VandenBoom Lumber Company. Mr. VandenBoom being president. His life has been a particularly active one, and in addition to his interests as president of the Moller & VandenBoom Lumber Company, he is a director of the Ricker National Bank, Modern Iron Works, People's Loan and Building Association, VandenBoom & Stimpson Lumber Company, Memphis, Tenn., Chicago Lumber & Coal Co., and is also president of the Schwartz Lumber Co., of St. Louis. He is interested in Texas lands in the Panhandle and in sheep farming, and also interested in farming lands in Saskatchewan, Canada. A Democrat in politics, he was elected an alderman from the Sixth ward in 1881, and was re-elected in 1883. He was a member of the lighting committee that changed the city lighting system from gas to electricity. He is chairman of the ordinance committee and a member of the finance committee. He is a member of the Fireman's Benevolent Association, W. C. U., and is also a member of the B. P. O. E.



CHARLES W. RICE

MR RICE first announced his arrival in Milan, Mich., by a loud request for milk, and then more milk, and he then and there made up his mind he would get into the hotel business, but the folks kept him at home on the farm, picking potato bugs, driving cows, and doing other chores until the World's Fair year, when he went to Detroit, and got a position in a furniture store and for many weeks he was kept busy shampooing floors and furniture, and finally one day when everyone else in the store was engaged with customers he was called to entertain a customer for a few minutes while the salesmen were busy, and when the salesmen asked the customer what he desired, he replied, "that he had been served, and that the young man, Mr. Rice, had just sold him a bill amounting to over \$2,000, so that is how he got his start as the star furniture salesman. All he needed was the opportunity, and when she arrived, he wasn't bashful and extended to her the glad hand, and then since he has always kept in touch with her.

In 1901, an epidemic of automobilists struck Detroit, and Mr. Rice took himself to Chicago where they build and furnish a new hotel every few hours. He is now president of the Associated Furniture Manufacturing Association, and when he hears of a site being sold for a hotel, does he send a salesman around, not Charles J. He piles into his automobile, turns on the gas and promptly interviews the prospective hotel man and sticks to him until he has his signed order. He says it is easier for him to sell and furnish a 1,000 room hotel, than it is to sell furniture for a five room flat. Meeting his friend E. W. Darling on the street one day, he said lets form a hotel company; you erect the buildings and I will furnish them. So that is how the E. D. R. Hotel Company of which Mr. Rice is the President was formed. The E. D. R. Hotel Co. is a successful corporation, who erect the finest, modern fire proof structures and furnish them sumptuously. The finest furniture, carpets, rugs and draperies and beds and bedding, and say, an E. D. R. Hotel bed, is not to be excelled, and is literally the home of Morphis, and it only goes to show that the E. D. R. is a hard combination to beat, and another reason why the Hotel Quincy and other hotels under their direction are so popular and successful. Yes, Mr. Rice belongs in this book because he is the president of the E. D. R. Hotel Company.



WILLIAM P. COMEFORD

NO ONE calls him William, they all call him "Billie." If he could have his way, he would make health catching and disease a myth. The world would be all sunshine and life, and there would be deaths only when individuals had ceased to be worth while. No other man in the village of Quincy takes a keener interest in the health of the average individual. No other scans the mortality reports with greater regularity. Billie is the mainstay in Quincy and vicinity, of the Penn. Mutual Life Insurance Company, where he acts as general agent. If you talk to Billie, he will put his hand on your arm, lead you aside and gently whisper in your ear that the company applied for a charter in 1846 and it was organized under the laws of Pennsylvania in 1847. Of the first one hundred persons insured, 50 lived until 1897 fifty years after. The company has now one half billion in course, and assets amounting to \$127,000,000. He will also inform you that it is the first concern to extend the same facilities to women as to men. It is as liberal in the matter of policies as other well known companies and has a splendid reputation for quick and satisfactory adjustment of claims. Billie formerly was in the railroad business, and he learned to know everybody and everybody has learned to know him, and his acquaintance is too valuable to be neglected or hidden. And one day an insurance company tempted him—and Billie fell—fell, but to arise, for today he is unquestionably the leader of this community of quick, witted and oily tongue gentlemen, who convince dying men that it is a sin to go to the grave, leaving behind no bunch of insurance money for the widow and children. Only recently, through Mr. Comeford's office, several large policies were negotiated. The premiums on these policies are large and if the insured should die within the year, the company would punch a large irregular hole into its bank account. Billie is responsible for other large risks and is only human that he should peruse the obituary columns of the local newspapers as the first of importance. He has risen to his position with the company on his merits, nobody has pushed him along; he aimed high and hit the mark. His concern is for the health of the patrons of the company, does not deprive him of time to cultivate the social side of life. And is well known as a representative and hustling booster. He is an active member of the local Chamber of Commerce.



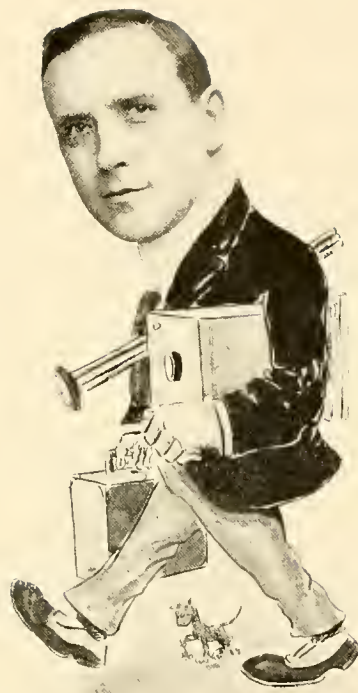
PETER E. PINKLEMAN

SOME men have what is termed the Golden Touch. Not that touch that when an acquaintance touches you for a single or a double eagle, but that William Penn acquisitiveness, and the touch that everything they have anything to do with in a business or financial way, turns to gold. Some men if you will give them the most prosperous banking or mercantile business in the world, in a short time would be so badly bent if not broken they would have to retire for repairs and send out a S. O. S. call. Not so with Mr. Pinkelman; he is a Philadelphia Quaker. You possibly did not know that. He was born in the city of brotherly love, and when he was thirteen years old, found Philadelphia too slow and quiet for him. Then he came to Quincy, and back to the soil attracted him, so for a number of years he was an agriculturist. Then he came to town, and started in the general mercantile business, and traded nails, lamp chimneys and calico for eggs, potatoes and chickens, and gave the tiller of the soil, such really good bargains that he was soon known as the farmer's friend. And in a short time both he and the farmer had so much money that he had to open a bank, and as the vice president of the Broadway Bank more than made good. Now, Mr. Pinkelman doesn't want all the money in the world, so he disposed of his interests in the mercantile business, and thought he would retire. But he wouldn't stand around and see golden opportunities wasting, so a short time ago, he purchased the moving picture theatres, the Gem and Savoy, just to have something to occupy his mind and his time, and the first week's business proved that he had again purchased the hen that laid the golden eggs, and their cackle is incessantly heard from noon until late at night. Mr. Pinkelman said to friends, I just wanted something to do, and he certainly has it and is doing it. You will see him out in front with his pleasant smile, welcoming his hosts of friends and he has hosts of them, and as soon as they learned he had purchased the Savoy and Gem, they began to pile in until he was worried where to place them. It only goes to show that a man who has the golden touch, can and will succeed, whether it be farming, mercantile, banking or the "movey" business, because what he undertakes to do, he does right. He gives his patrons the best obtainable, and at all times is looking out for their comforts. That's why Pete as his friends call him has the golden touch, and can and does make live ones out of dead ones, and is another living example that 13 is a lucky number for he was born on the 13th day of the month.



EDWARD C. URBAN

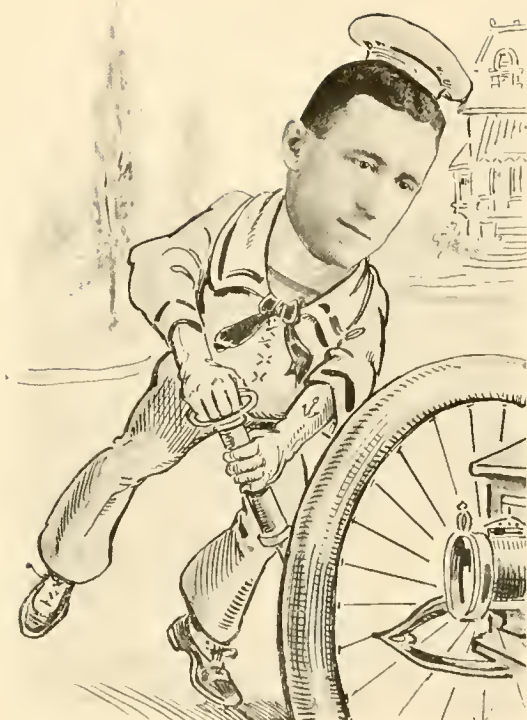
CENTENNIAL is what the "C" stands for, and he year he was born at Nauvoo, Illinois, and was christened Edward Centennial, after the vice president of the A. Urban & Son Co. He is depicted in his official uniform. You will note he is very busy; he has in his pocket a key to the wine cellar, and he is just about to open one. If there is anything in the wine or liquor business that you want he will be more than glad to inform you, that their firm can supply you a better grade at a smaller price than any other firm in the business, also that they carry a full line of foreign and domestic goods, and are the sole representatives of the oldest and best brands of California wines and brandies. And he will tell you that he supervises personally the careful shipment of your order and you will always receive just what you have ordered. He is one of the most active birds in the Arie of Eagles; he is a charter member and holds life membership No. 1 in the Arie; he is also a member of Post A. T. P. A., North Side Boat Club, and the Power Boat Club. In the duck season his customary haunts in and about town know him not. His conception of hunting is to hunt on the square. He insists that game be given a chance for its ally, and if you cannot capture the elusive duck by pure sportsmanly tactics and a good aim he would prefer to eat a cheese sandwich and swap canned stories with his companions. Hunting to him is sport—the genuine excitement that comes from honorable quest of bird, beast and fish. The mere satisfaction of lugging home a basket of fish or a bagful of birds is no satisfaction at all, since he has the price to purchase them. What he wants is the physical exertion and the exercise of skill. They impart flavor to the fowl and mimic the boneliness of the fish.



EDWIN WARREN PARRILL

Oh, yes, I remember you. Let's see, where I saw you—Oh, where was it? Oh yes, I think it was out at the last fight or the ball game, or at the races, one of those places; yes, that is where it was. Wherever there is a crowd, there you will see Mr. Parrill, with his camera taking a snapshot. He never overlooks a bet, and he can take and make some pictures, but that isn't his business. His business is, as Manager of the Albert Sellner Company direction the Eastman Kodak Co., of Rochester, N. Y., to induce the novice into the mysteries of making and taking pictures, printing and developing. First he takes the prospective victim into his dark room and loads the camera; then he takes the camera out into the light, and unloads it—"onto him or her, the customer." He will take a possible customer over into the park, and show him how its done, and imbue them with the faith that they can go home and take just as good pictures as he or anyone else, but when they snap and snap, and take out the films to develop, and see a part of a tree, and a cow's tail, and the fog, principally fog, this of course to the novice is not encouraging, but Mr. Parrill informs them to try and try again. He says the films—don't cost much, and besides it helps business. Finally when they have succeeded, in getting the hang of the thing, and make a picture that they can tell whether it is a Baptist church or a rear view of a sprinkling wagon, the novice proceeds to develop it, and after they have ruined three or four suits of clothes, they take their films and plates to Mr. Parrill, and he develops and prints them. That's his business, developing, printing and selling cameras and camera supplies. The customer is out in the sun, and he is in the shade. They have the experience and he gets the money. Seriously though, Mr. Parrill represents the largest photographic concern in the world, and is a past master in the making of exterior or interior photos, and at all times with his corps of efficient assistants, is more than ready to show to the uninitiated just how to take, make, develop, and print a picture that in our grandfathers' days was an unknown art. And that may be retained as a souvenir of a pleasant jaunt, or as a reminiscence of a pleasant day's outing.

Mr. Parrill is a Mason, a member of the Consistory, and also a member of Ghazzei Grotto, Mystic Order of the Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm.



MORRIS B. ADLER

THERE don't many people know it, but B. stands for Benjamin, and he is a native Bostonian, having been born in the city of crooked streets in 1882. When he was fifteen years old, he enlisted in the U. S. Navy at Chicago, and was a member of the crew of the Cruiser New York. On its historical trip around the world, which was made in commemoration of the opening of the ports of the world. The New York was the flag ship and Admiral Rogers was in command of the fleet. Morris was in the torpedo service for eleven months and the youngest member at that time in the service. He was also connected with the U. S. Naval Telegraph Corps, and after resigning went to Toledo, Ohio, and entered the employ of the Pope Automobile company, and is now a man of wheels; not the kind that whiz in the cranium but the other kind, wheels that you have to pump up with air, the same as Morris is doing, and wheels that carry persons and things. Wheels that are attached to strange looking contrivances that propell themselves as if by magic power. Wheels that cost a man a small fortune to buy and a larger one to maintain. In short, Morris is so much of a wheel man that he is recognized as one of the best automobile stlesmen in the country. He came to Quincy early in 1910 as sales manager of the C. T. Nichols Automobile Company, and more than made good. It is genuine pleasure for him to sell his vehicular wares, because he can estimate the pleasure of the purchasers and share it in a grim sort of way, while he is inducting the customer into the mysteries of the different wheels and levers, and as an expert chaffeur, he is the envy of all who own such machines, for he has the happy faculty of always having for his own use a machine that is in perfect working and a little better than any other he may have sold to patrons. He is chairman of the Automobile division of the Quincy Chamber of Commerce. He is the youngest President of the Spanish-American war veterans, and is a 32nd degree Mason.



JOSEPH SAWDON

AFTER returning to England in 1883, after a visit to the United States, in which he covered the entire country from coast to coast, he arrived at the conclusion that the land of the stars and stripes was the place for him, so he located in the city of Philadelphia. Completing his education at Girard College, was tendered a position as reader on the Philadelphia Press. Attending the World's Fair at Chicago, he concluded that the Windy City was the place for him, so he opened an office in the old Inter Ocean building and entered into business as manufacturer's agent in the stationery and envelope business. In 1900 he was appointed manager of the Stronghurst Mfg. Co., at Stronghurst, Ill., manufacturers of advertising novelties, catalogs, and merchants' envelopes. In 1907, hearing of the delicious peaches that Benton Harbor is famed for, far and wide, he established the Midland Envelope company, and manufactured the Security Brand catalog, and merchandise envelopes, of which he is the patentee and inventor, and on the opposite page he is telling you that Security Brand Envelopes will deliver your catalog, booklet or merchandise at its destination in perfect condition. The cord which pulls in the opposite direction from the same base, and around the contents removes all strain from the envelopes and fastenings, thus eliminating the danger of mutilation, which often occurs when metal and other clasps are used, but fastened to the flap and envelope only. The "Tie that binds" inside insures safety because the contents are bound through the envelope and the envelope through the contents preventing friction and consequent damage in the rough handling to which mail sacks are subjected. In 1912, he affiliated with the American Papeterie and Envelope Company, of Quincy, Illinois.

Mr. Sawdon is also the inventor and patentee of the sanitary book cover an hygenic, economic necessity in protecting books in public libraries and schools. He is a disciple of Isaac Walton and any time that he may have away from his business, you may find him along some stream angling for the finny tribe.



THEODORE H. R. HELHAKE

ASK almost any well informed person as to the origin of shoes, and when and where they were first manufactured, they will hesitate, stutter and say, Er, Er, why I don't know. In the days of the Assyrians and the Egyptians, they wore sandals made of plaited grass, or palm froids; then primitive man in the colder countries shaped a foot covering out of a piece of skin or untanned hide, next we had the Dutch Sabot or wooden shoe; then the Irish clog, or a wooden sole attached to a leather upper, with tacks or nails from which evolved the shoe of today. In 1790 Thomas Saint perfected and patented in England the first machine to attach the upper and lower part of the shoe together. The art of shoe making was first established in America, by Thomas Baird, who came over on the Mayflower, bringing with him a stock of both upper and lower leathers as they were then called. For centuries, the shoemaker was an itinerate workman, travelling from house to house, making the shoes for the household, and until the 19th century all shoes were made by hand. In 1810 the Massachusetts Yankee invented wooden pegs to attach the soles to the uppers. In 1860, the McKey Sewing Machine to sew the soles to the uppers was invented, and for years the state of Massachusetts led in shoe manufacturing, but today, there is not a town or city in any civilized country but that one can walk into a store and buy a pair of shoes, but do they fit? Well, ask Mr. Theo. Helhake whom you will see seated at his desk on the opposite page, looking over a line of samples, and he will tell you that all of the shoes sold by the Miller Shoe Company do fit and are guaranteed to fit, and he certainly knows, as that's his business, because all his business life has been spent in the retail shoe business. The Miller Shoe Co., of which Mr. Helhake is manager and secretary and treasurer, is one of Quincy's retail business houses that even to the stranger as he enters the door gives him a feeling of optimism. The store is finely arranged and well lighted, and its popularity is shown by the wonderful increase of business in the past year, nearly doubling itself over the year before.

Mgr. Helhake is assisted by union clerks, who have made a thorough study of the trade, and are the most experienced and expert in their line. Their slogan is: How much actual value may be given for the smallest amount of money. The Miller Shoe Co. carry only the best grades of shoes and of every variety, and it is one of Quincy's ideal stores. Mr. Helhake is vice president of the Business Men's League, a member of the Shoe Section of the Chamber of Commerce, and is one of the most active members of Quincy's Chamber of Commerce.



W. E. ELLIOTT

MR. ELLIOTT, is a native of Canada, having been born in Montreal in 1855, and after leaving school entered into the retail grocery house of John Elliott. From there he went into the oil business and sold out to the Standard Oil Company, and then opened the bond and broker's business in Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Elliott has a genius for making money, the tact of getting into a position of moving influence is largely developed in him. One day he is negotiating the purchase of a right-of-way for a railroad, and the identical same day, he may be closing the contract for constructing a railroad, or else dealing directly for the purchase of enough electrical railroad stock to secure a reorganization of it, or promoting a working company.

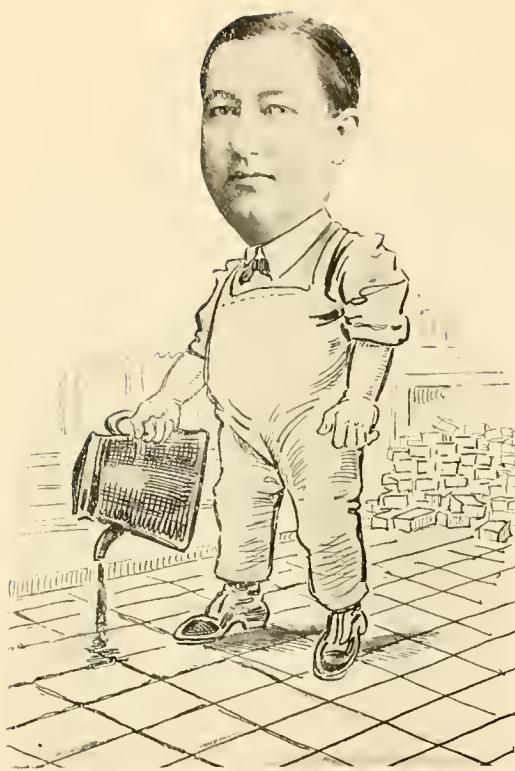
Mr. Elliott has the faculty of booming several different things, any of which would engross an ordinary man's attention to the seclusion of everything else. He was one of the original promoters, who financed the Milwaukee and Western railroad, also promoter and general manager of the McKinley and Marion Electric line, which is now part of the Cleveland, Columbus and Southwestern railway, also promoted and was general manager of the Cleveland, Brooklyn, Zanesville and Coschocton Electric railroad. He is now engaged and promoting and building as general manager the Chicago, Peoria and Quincy road, which is now an assured fact, and which reduces the distance from Quincy to Peoria thirty-seven miles. His confidence in the future of Quincy is shown by the fact that he is devoting his entire time and tireless endeavor to the building up of its institutions and galvanizing into life the morbid things that needs rejuvenation and fresh blood. He is a promoter, and has always been successful in anything undertaken.



EDGAR C. SIMS

WAY back yonder before the days of Guttenberg, movable type and newspapers, it was the whole duty of men to talk well, and to have the graces and wisdom to make rhymes and improvise was a gift enjoyed by but few and one so fortunate as to possess the gift, could ask nothing of kings or rulers that was not his for the asking; for such no office in the state or kingdom less than king was above ambition. Then came Guttenberg and his movable type, and from the two, Quidnunce evolved the reporter and newspaper man of today. Simms depicted on the opposite page working at his machine apparently doing nothing, yet he is a Quidnunce or a news monger or gatherer, that's his business, and how he employs his time and wins the sheckels. All his active life he has been a reporter or a news gatherer. You meet him on the streets, at the fights, races or ball games, wherever a crowd is gathered, there you find Edgar C. Always quizzing, always looking for information. He must be able to grasp a tale or news item, and dress it in entertaining style and make a readable truthful story out of it, and if it is not entertaining, it is blue penciled. If it is not truthful, then there is the Old Harry to pay. He must hear all the gossip and list to the tongue of scandal, and sift it, and use only that that is true. He is a natural nucleus of hatred, engendered by writing puffs and warm atmospheric gems that contain mistakes or criticisms that tell the truth. In his normal state, the news gatherer is the best hated man in the world, yet Simms defies all the basic forces that operate against the news gatherer and editorial writer. He knows no foes, he enjoys no enemies; he revels in the hatred of none. With a limitless capacity for being mean, he is never mean, little or small. His business is to get the news, and Edgar C. gets it.

Simms is a native of Lewistown, Ill., and received his education at Peoria and Goldsburg, then was handed a pad and pencil and sent out into the highways and byways after news, and he has served the readers of Galesburg, Peoria, Decatur, Springfield and Quincy with the days happenings in entertaining dress, and all the news that those inclined to sport or sporting events dote on, he is a mummer. Ask him a question and he will hesitate and most likely reply, "I don't know," but if you look in the columns of the Herald, you will see that he does know, and only wanted to encourage the circulation manager. As a member of the editorial and news staff, he has made good.



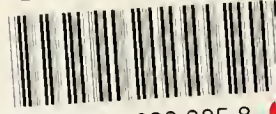
ERNEST J. STOCKING

WHAT is Ernest J. Stocking doing in this book? Well he is in Quincy so often and is so well known and popular and at all times is working for the good and betterment of Quincy that the book would be incomplete without him. While the cannons were roaring, and the bells were pealing out the glad tidings that our country was One Century old, the Stork brought Ernest J. Stocking to Bowling Green, Ohio. After he, like millions of other, patriotic young Americans, had gone through the usual routine of sticking pins, colic, teething, whooping cough, mumps, measles and other like juvenile ills, his proud parents fearing someone from Gretna Green would elope with him, picked him and his toys up, and removed to Toledo, Ohio, where he learned to play the game of Duckets, using wooden blocks in place of cobble stones. This you will note had a great effect on his after life. After he had finished his high school course, he was entreated to enter the employ of the Toledo and the Ohio Central Railroad in an official capacity. After he had officiated until he had thoroughly systemized the office force, and made it one to be talked of among other railroad people, the Chicago & Alton Railroad sent for him and in 1905 he began to show the Chicago & Alton how to do things. In the meantime, he had accomplished sufficient to compel the directors of the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis R. R. to sit up and take notice, so they informed him they had a larger envelope to hold his shekels and more shekels to put in it. Tiring of the roar and bustle of Chicago and being of German parentage, he removed to St. Louis. It occurring to E. J. S. that if the Railroad used wooden ties, why wouldn't it be a good thing to pave the streets with wooden blocks, so the Creosoted Wood Block Association hearing of him and his theories sent for him, and he accepted the position of a creosote block booster or promoter—promoter? What is a promoter? Well a promoter is a promoter. A promoter is an encourager, and to be a successful promoter one necessarily must be a good mixer, and believe us he is some mixer. He isn't in the town over about eight minutes, until he knows all the aldermen by their front names, and nearly all the property owners, at least owners interested in wood-blocking the streets he wants to wood-block. Encourager, he surely is some encourager. When he hears of a city that is talking of paving its streets, he hies himself away and sings his song of wood-blocks, wood-blocks. Until he has thoroughly convinced them that they would indeed be foolish to lay anything but wood-blocks, quiet, noiseless, dustless and permanency is his song. That's his business, wood-blocks and creosote. More power to him.





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